

Film Fun

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OCTOBER
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NOTICE TO
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"Studio Types"

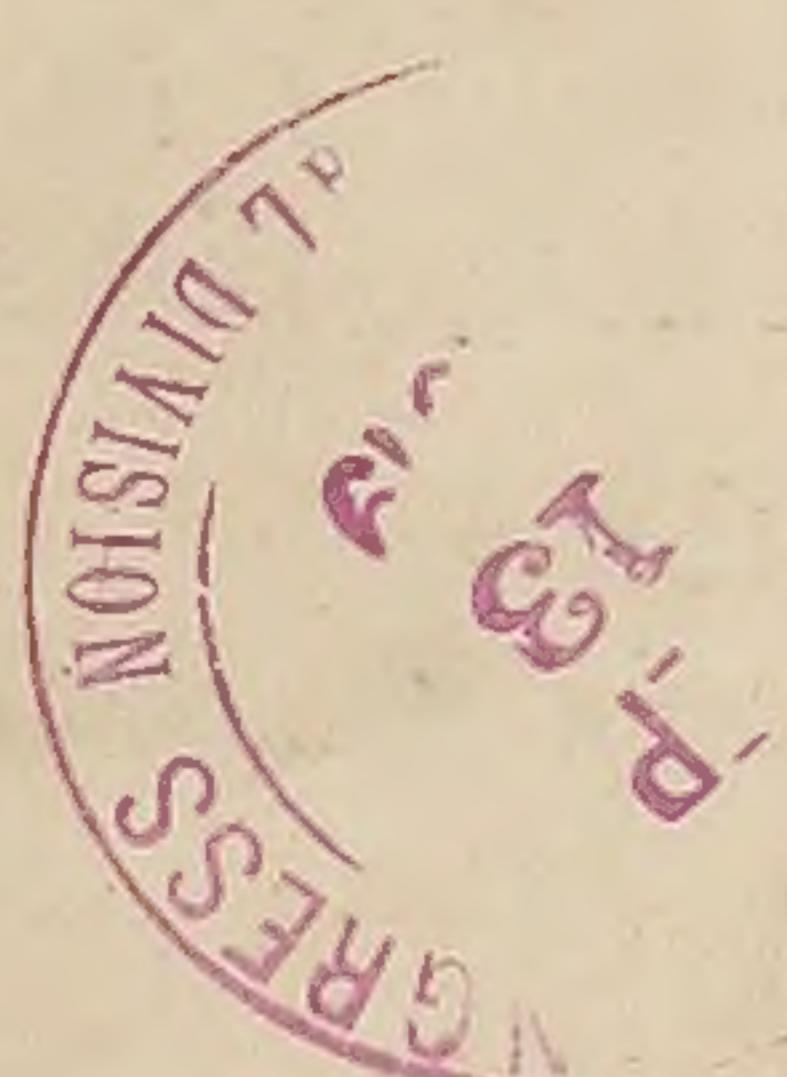
By F. C. Blakeslee

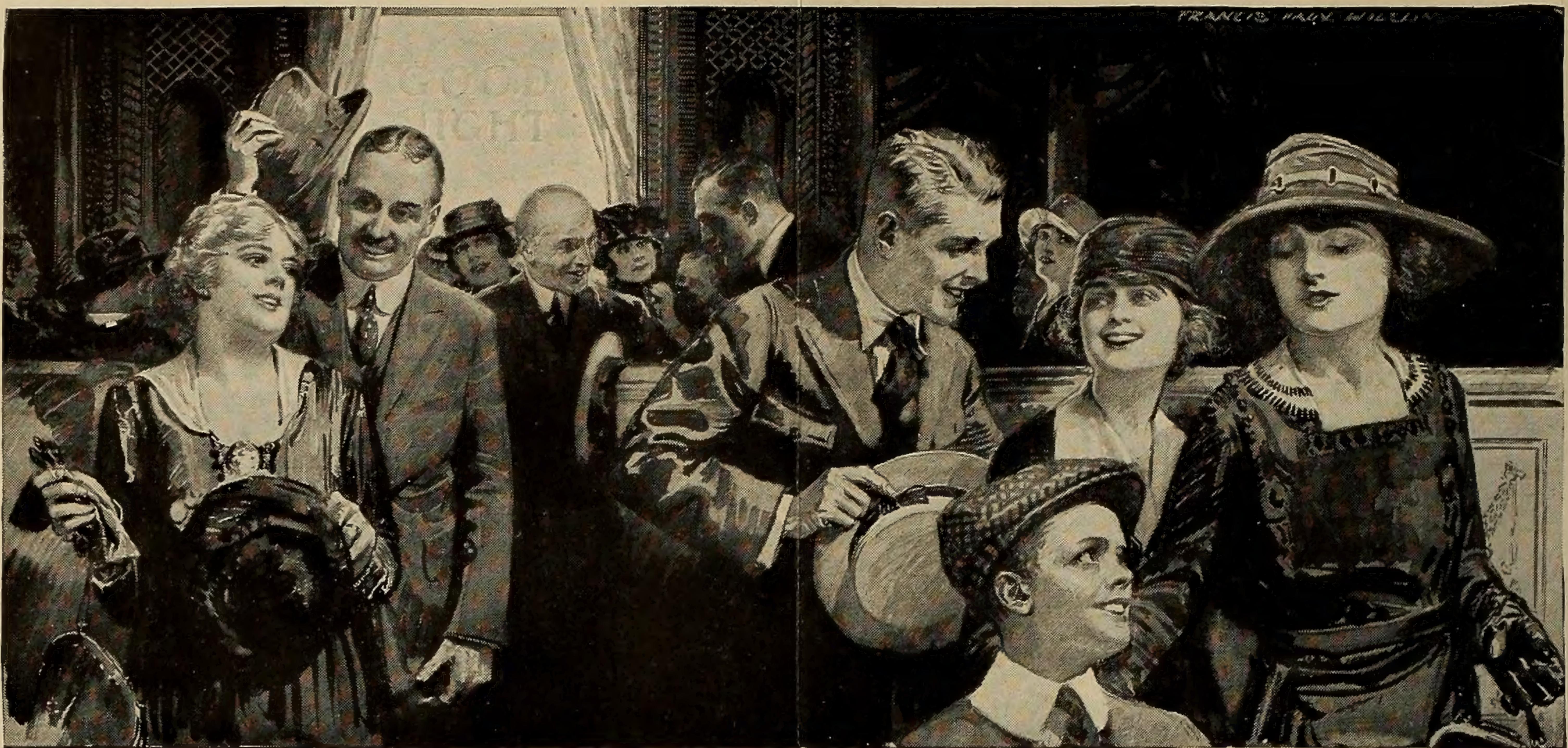
Illustrated by W. E. Hill

"Chasing the Serial"

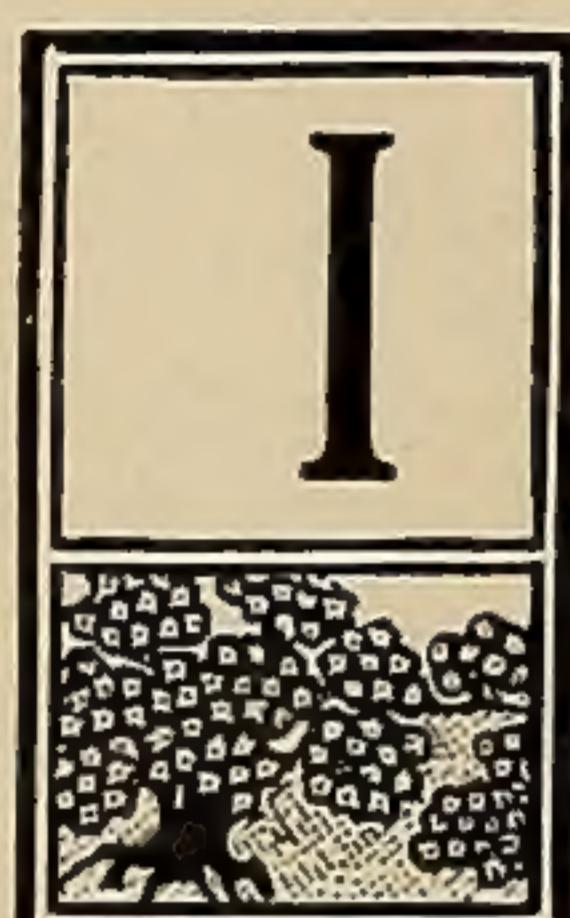
By Harry J. Smalley

Illustrated by Ralph Barton





The End of a Perfect Day



IN your ordinary daily round of activity you feel as though you were in something like a cage. It is the special virtue of Paramount-Artcraft Pictures that they *free* you from this cage.

The adventurous heart of mankind everywhere presses against the bars of monotony for larger flights into the blue.

Can any Corporation anywhere set before itself a grander and more sublimely *serviceable* ideal than this repeated liberation of humanity's heart?

When the show is over—the last touch of Paramount-Artcraft magic vanished—you stroll away richly content. A fitting end for a perfect day.

Paramount-Artcraft Motion Pictures

These two trade-marks are the sure way of identifying *Paramount-Artcraft Pictures*—and the theatres that show them.



FAIRMOUNT PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR Pres. JESSE LASKY Vice Pres. CECIL B. DE MILLE Director General
NEW YORK



The New Paramount-Artcraft Pictures

Listed alphabetically, released up to September 30th. Save the List! And see the Pictures!

Billie Burke in "The Misleading Widow"
Marguerite Clark in "Widow by Proxy"
Elsie Ferguson in "The Witness for the Defense"
Vivian Martin in "The Third Kiss"
Wallace Reed in "The Valley of the Giants"
Robert Warwick in "Told in the Hills"
George Loane Tucker's Production "The Miracle Man"
Thomas H. Ince Productions
Enid Bennett in "Stepping Out"
Dorothy Dalton in "The Market of Souls"
Charles Ray in "The Egg Crate Wallop"
Paramount Comedies
Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy one each month
Paramount-Briggs Comedy one each week
Paramount-MACK SENNETT Comedies two each month

Paramount Magazine issued weekly
Paramount-Post Nature Pictures issued every other week
Paramount-Burton Homes Travel Pictures one each week

And remember that any Paramount or Artcraft picture that you haven't seen is as new as a book you have never read.

SEP 12 1919

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FILM FUN

A MONTHLY REEL OF LAUGHS

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GOLDWYN

"Heartsease" is an appropriate name for a photoplay with a leading lady like this. Helene Chadwick plays opposite Tom Moore, and you can make your own guess as to the value of the combination.



Gladys Leslie, as most everybody knows, is the charming young star of the Vitagraph studios. Vita is a Latin word, meaning life. Taking their cue from the classics, the chrysanthemums murmur, *Hoc est vita*, which is more Latin, and which means, *This is the life*. If you were in their position, wouldn't you feel that way about it? The camera doesn't flatter Miss Leslie a bit.



GOLDWYN

Peace of mind is reflected in the eyes of Naomi Childers; peace and content, with perhaps a touch of aspiration and higher movie things. Still, a brand new three-year contract with Goldwyn—forty weeks to the year—is a pretty fair aspiration realized, and that is the news Miss Childers brought her New York friends when she came East a-visiting.



METRO

This—reading from left to right—is Nazimova. Another view of her may be obtained by turning the page lengthwise. Euclid himself could never have imagined a more fascinating right angle. There is something about her expression which suggests one of Nazimova's screen successes, "An Eye for An Eye."

Flash Backs

Some News Nuggets and Critical Quips

J EAN PAIGE lost her make-up box and couldn't proceed with her new play. She hadn't the face to do it.

□

Hale Hamilton is the proud possessor of a new dog. He has named him Summer Resort, because he harbors so many insects.

□

Mary Pickford has been married so often under the Cooper-Hewitts that she declares she's afraid to look a bridal veil in the lace.

□

The Parisian Tigress acts more like a badly abused kitten than the lady of the jungle.

□

A meteor of exceeding brilliance was seen near Los Angeles a short time ago. Jealous of the stars gathered there, evidently.

□

Wonder if George Walsh, in "Help! Help! Police!" yelled loud enough to wake the policeman up.

□

The slogan of the producers for the fall drive is "Fewer and Better Pictures." Helen Pollock, a New York critic, malignantly adds: "Yes, the fewer the better."

□

"Three Black Eyes" for Taylor Holmes is a Triangle announcement. It does seem as if these producing companies should refrain from printing their brawls broadcast. There's nothing they won't stoop to for advertising purposes.

□

The prohibitionist was snooping around the studio, looking for something or someone to reform. "Well, I'm glad those 'stills' are finished," he heard the camera man say to the director. "Now watch me do a 'reel' before going home." And the report forwarded that night by the prohibitionist read: "Believe whiskey is secretly being made in Acme Studio. Start rigid investigation at once."

Sidney Chaplin recently sailed for France to stage the first of eight comedies he is making under contract with Famous Players-Lasky. We believe this, but when his press agent goes on to tell that from France Sidney will continue on to Persia, on invitation from the Shah—oh, pshah!

□

World's screen rights to Justin Huntley McCarthy's romance, "If I Were King," were recently purchased by Fox for William Farnum. The play had a stage run of five years, with E. H. Sothern as star. With Farnum—oh, five reels, of course!

□

Pearl White has written a book, the taking title of which is "Just Me." She ought to know her subject.

□

What's in a name? Well, see here: A new theater, to be known as the "Jewish Art Theater," is soon to be opened. Emanuel Reicher is to be art director, and his associates are Binah Abramowitz, Celia Adler, Ben Ami, Yechiel, Lazar Fried, Hyman Mysell, Joseph Schoengold and others. That ought to answer the question.

□

Earl Williams, sued by Roma Raymond for breach of promise, must pay the lady fifty thousand dollars, according to the decision of a Los Angeles judge. A pretty heavy luxury tax on his bride, isn't it?

□

May Allison, after her day with the Bolsheviks, framed some rules for

their deportment, among which we find this: "Never slice bread—Bolsheviks are whole loafers."

□

Old-timers, on hearing that "Evangeline" has been filmed, inquire whether it is Longfellow's or Rice's that has been put on the screen.



UNITED ARTISTS
Visitors to the Grand Canyon necessarily acquire much desert wisdom and cactus lore. Douglas Fairbanks must have learned immediately after mounting this giant cactus that "Broncho Busting" is a tame and comfortable undertaking in comparison.

What Would Press Agents Do Without Pets?



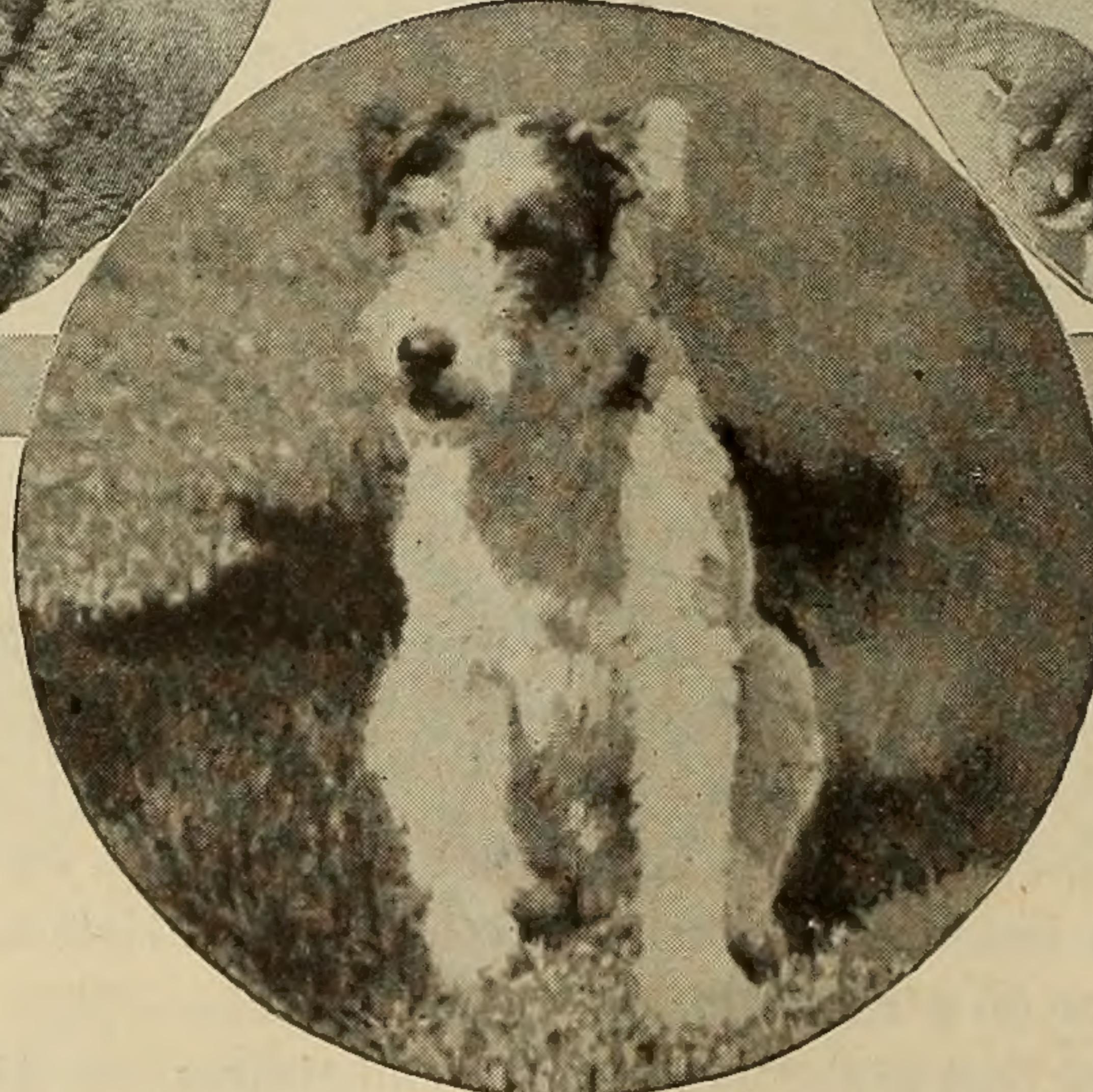
One way to break into the movies, and to break in soft, is to be an Eskimo dog. Witness the look of sweet content on these pals of Mitchell Lewis in "Jacques of the Silver North."

Bert Lytell's taste in pets runs to baby donkeys, and the affection seems to be mutual.

Cause

Assistant—What's the director so mad about?

Scenario Editor—I gave him a scenario which is so good that he cannot improve upon it.



Charles Ray's pup, Whiskers, is a wire-haired terrier; live-wired-haired.

Gladys Brockwell's wrinkly chum looks like one of those Indians who can remember Washington.

Demand

"Jim has become rich, I hear."

"How?"

"He's making blank cartridges to be used only in motion picture serials."

CHASING THE SERIAL

By
HARRY J. SMALLY

RALPH BARTON

I am a trav'ling-man—with fervor undiminished
The motion-pictures daily I do see.
But hereafter I shall view a play that's finished
Right then and there—no serials for me!

In Kalamazoo I saw the op'ning spasm,
It ended with the Hero on a cliff
Hanging by his finger-tips above a chasm—
The Villain sneaking up to land a biff!

I saw Episode The Third while out in Whitey—
While trav'ling 'round I'd missed the second one—
And it opened with the Hero in his nightie
A-wrestling in a parlor with a Hun!

And, while watching this and trying hard to reason
How he escaped the Villain on the rock;
It finished with the Hero pinched for treason,
Because the Villain registered a knock!

I saw Episode The Fifth in Kansas City;
I never knew just what was Chapter Four!
For in ev'ry town I hit, it was a pity,
The serial had shown the day before!

And here's my noble Hero on a schooner
A-being wrecked somewhere in Hazatiz!
It's very interesting, but I'd sooner
Be told some more about that treason biz!

Well, it ended with the Hero in a shanty
The cannibals upon him were to dine.
I saw Episode The Tenth in Ypsilanti,
For I had missed Six, Seven, Eight and Nine!

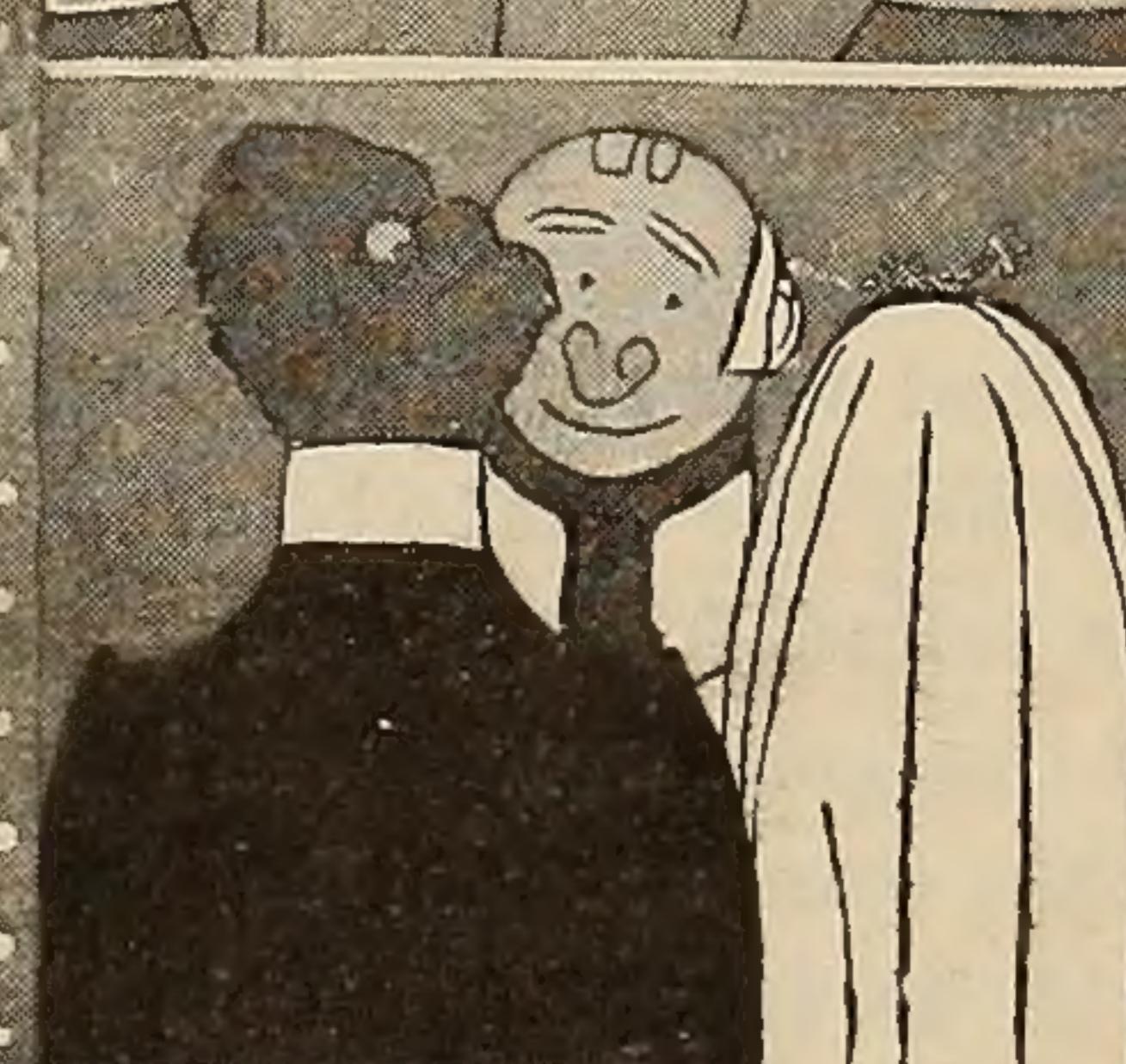
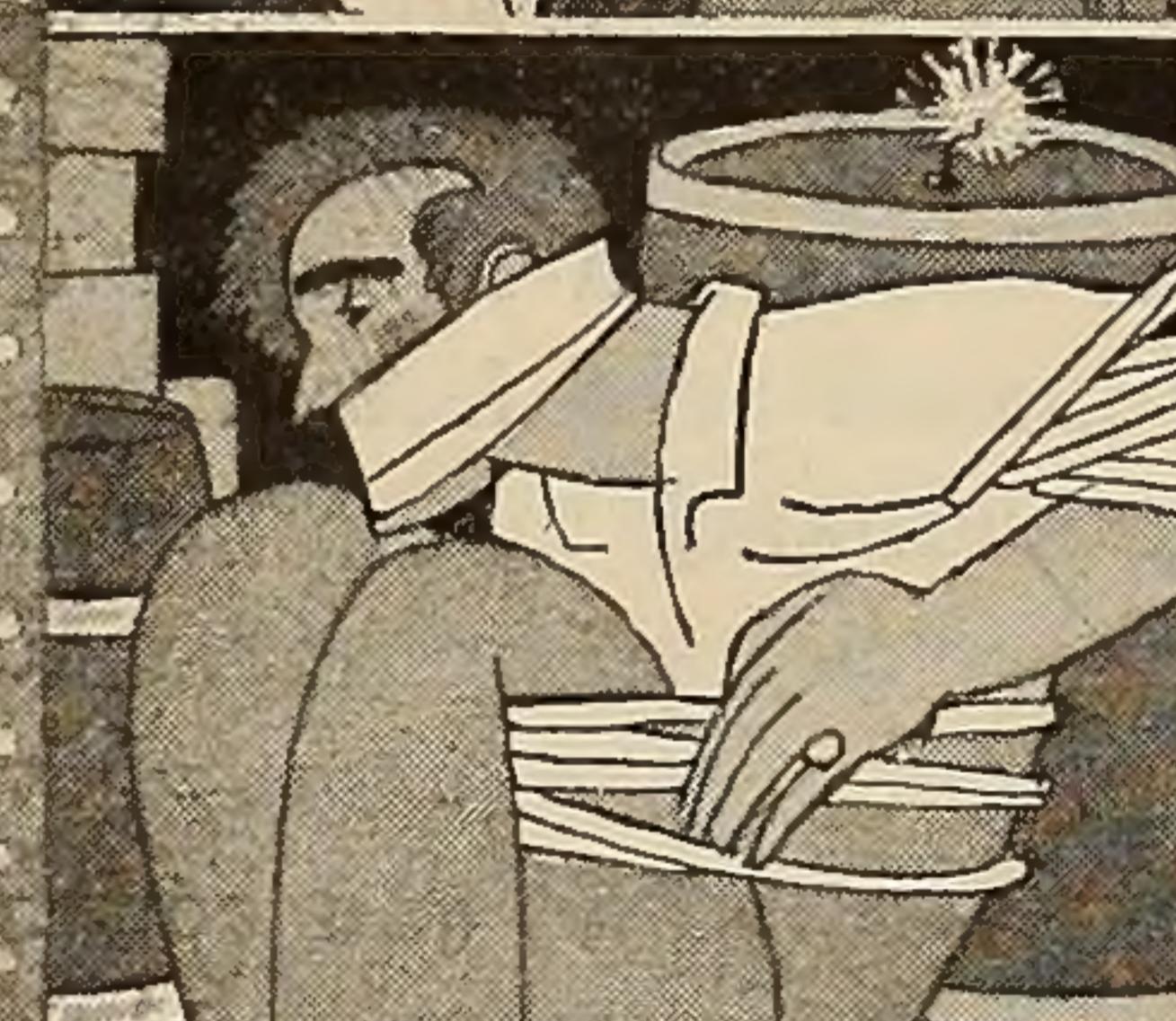
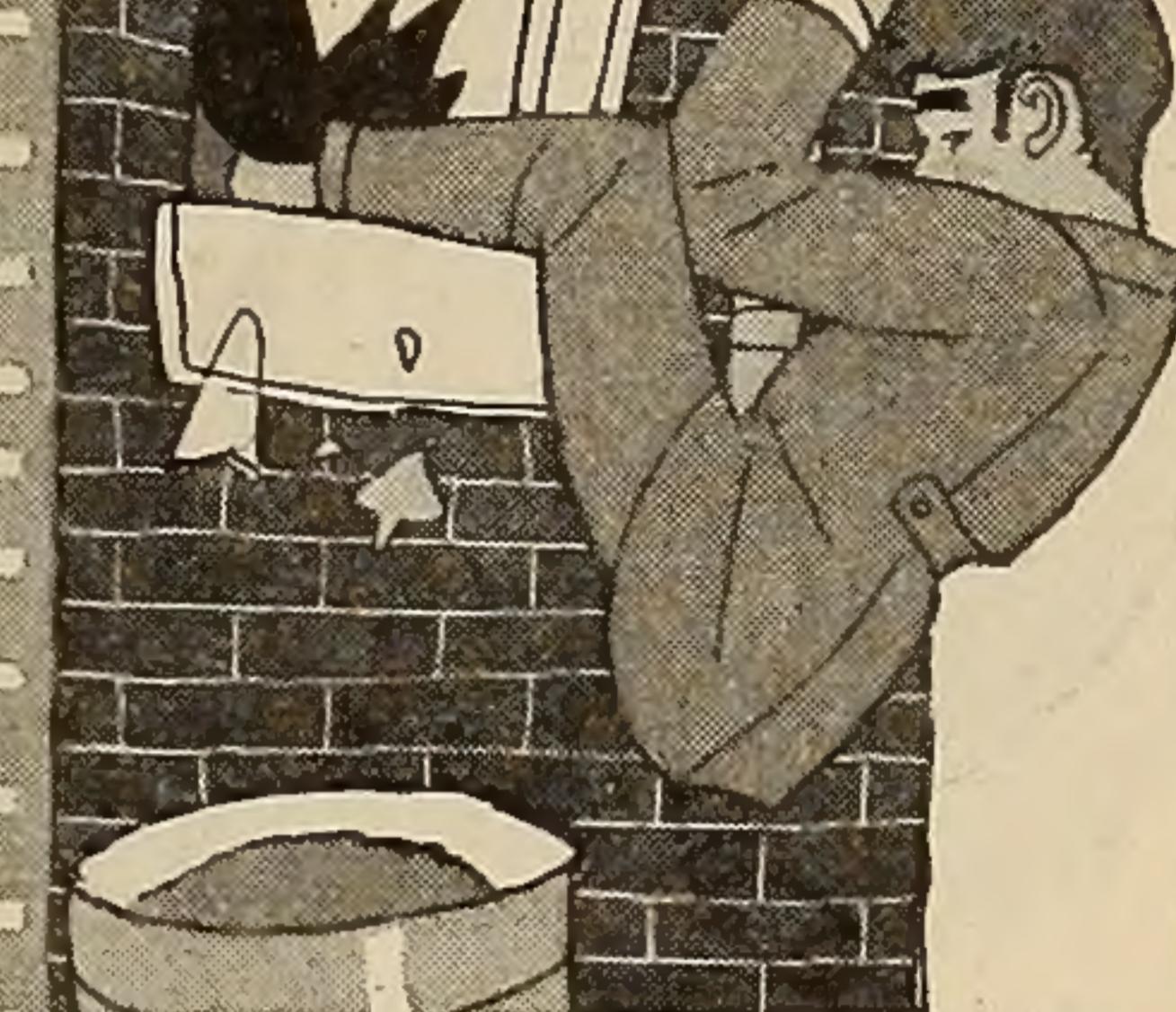
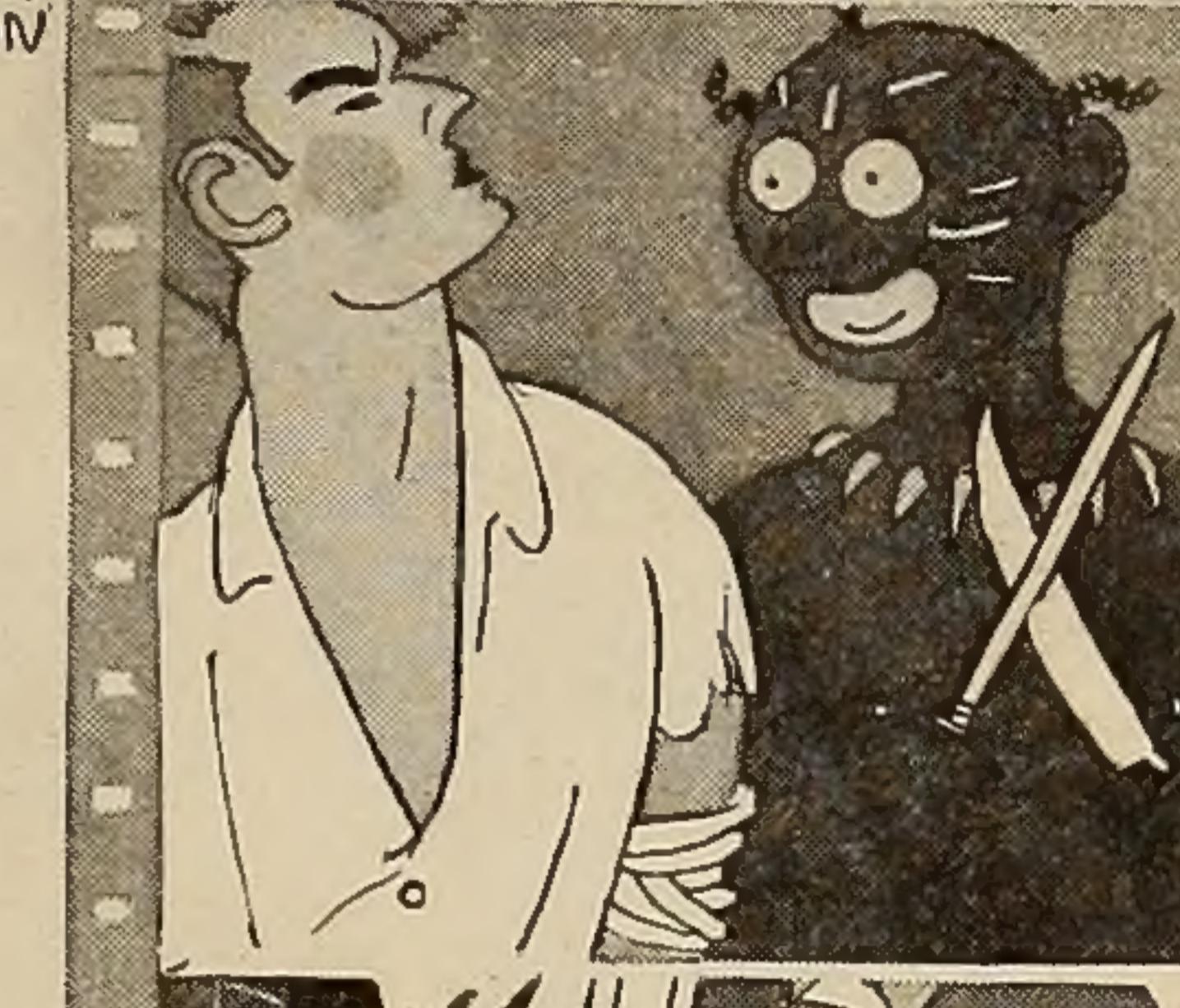
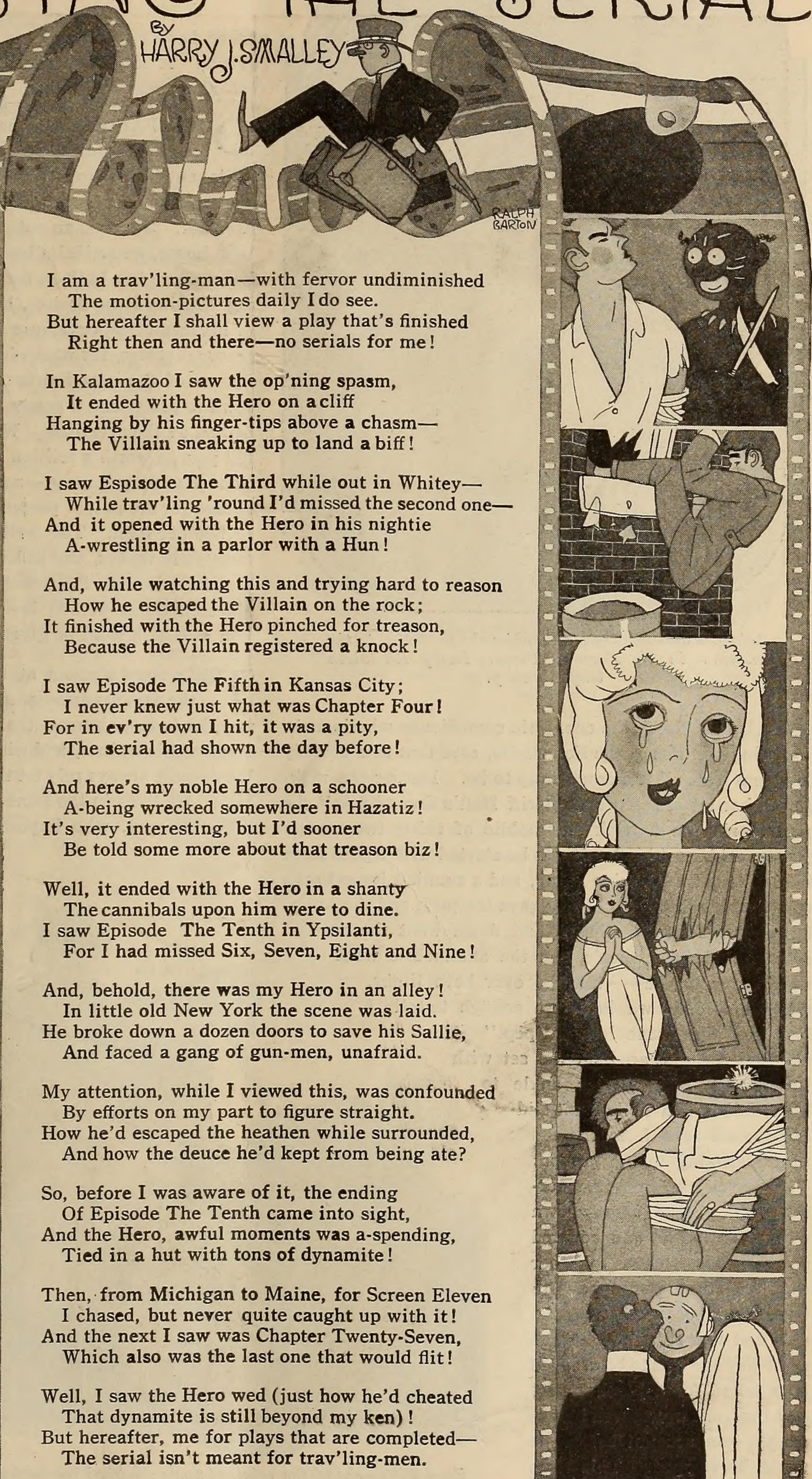
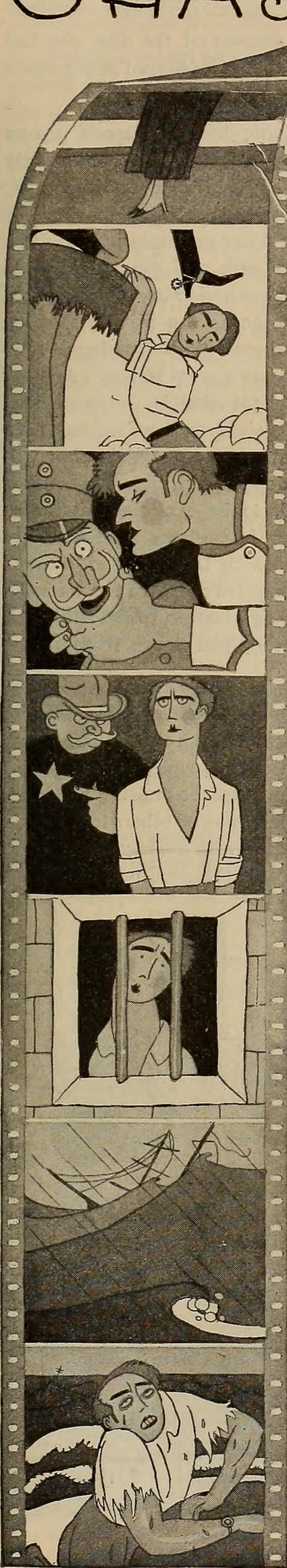
And, behold, there was my Hero in an alley!
In little old New York the scene was laid.
He broke down a dozen doors to save his Sallie,
And faced a gang of gun-men, unafraid.

My attention, while I viewed this, was confounded
By efforts on my part to figure straight.
How he'd escaped the heathen while surrounded,
And how the deuce he'd kept from being ate?

So, before I was aware of it, the ending
Of Episode The Tenth came into sight,
And the Hero, awful moments was a-spending,
Tied in a hut with tons of dynamite!

Then, from Michigan to Maine, for Screen Eleven
I chased, but never quite caught up with it!
And the next I saw was Chapter Twenty-Seven,
Which also was the last one that would flit!

Well, I saw the Hero wed (just how he'd cheated
That dynamite is still beyond my ken)!
But hereafter, me for plays that are completed—
The serial isn't meant for trav'ling-men.



Celluloid



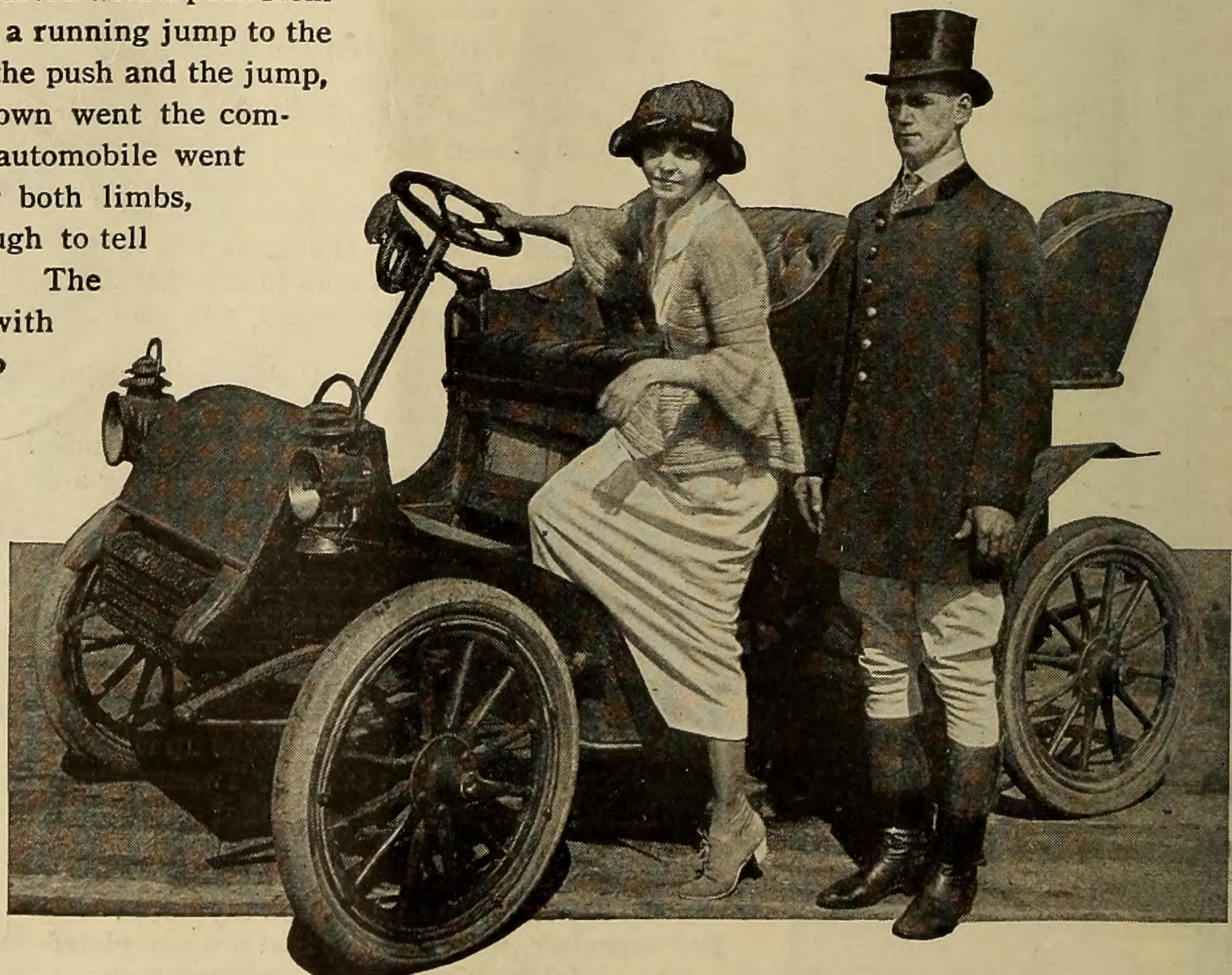
Lila Lee and some of the trophies she presented to the winners in the Famous Players-Lasky Invitation Golf Tourney.

POLLY MORAN, the energetic comedienne who is making pictures at the Fox studio, says that this comedy business isn't all it's cracked up to be. During the making of her latest feature, "Sheriff Nell's Come-back," she was to ride in a trick automobile of thirty-two candle-power, said machine having to be started with a push from behind to get the engine going, and a running jump to the seat while under way. Polly gave the push and the jump, but on the latter she slipped, and down went the comedienne under the wheels, and the automobile went neatly over her le—that is, over both limbs, and the director was heartless enough to tell her that the scene lacked "pep." The next day she appeared on the set with bandages extending from ankle to knee, and did a little stunt sliding down a rope from the top of the building to the ground. The rope slipped from its moorings and Polly came down with a dull thud and counted stars. The director told her that the scene would have to be retaken because her expression had not been good. The same day she was to be dragged by a horse for a block or so, and the beast went seven blocks on his own account before he could be stopped. This time the director told her that the

scene hadn't registered on account of the dust she had raised. It might be added that Miss Moran is at present taking a vacation—in bed.

DOUG FAIRBANKS, having bought himself a new studio, is building a brand new house on Beverly Hills, outside of Hollywood, and he has everything in it that anyone ever thought of, and a few things that no one ever did. There is an out-of-doors swimming pool with a bath house, an artificial beach with real sand, and in his house there is a built-in concrete projecting room, so that any evening Doug desires, he can have a private showing of his own films, or amuse himself with travelogues and scenic pictures, for which he has a great liking. Another feature of the new Fairbanks mansion is the large area sown to grass, and a generous-sized well which has been drilled on the premises. Water, as any Californian will tell you, is worth a million dollars a dribble—for irrigation purposes, I mean—and, to be explicit, water purchased for municipal purposes is paid for at the rate of \$3,500 per inch. The well which Doug drilled, donated twenty-six inches, and as he needed only five for watering his place, he sold the remaining nineteen to the city, and nineteen times \$3,500 is—well, you figure it out; unto him who hath shall be given.

THE newest star out at Universal City is Joe Martin, the famous ape—or maybe he's a chimpanzee—anyway, he is more human than some people, says "Curly" Stecker, his trainer, and when it comes to using his head, Joe doesn't always rely on the brains of others to think for him. He lives in the same cage with a sassy little monk called Skipper, who imposes on the good-natured chimp



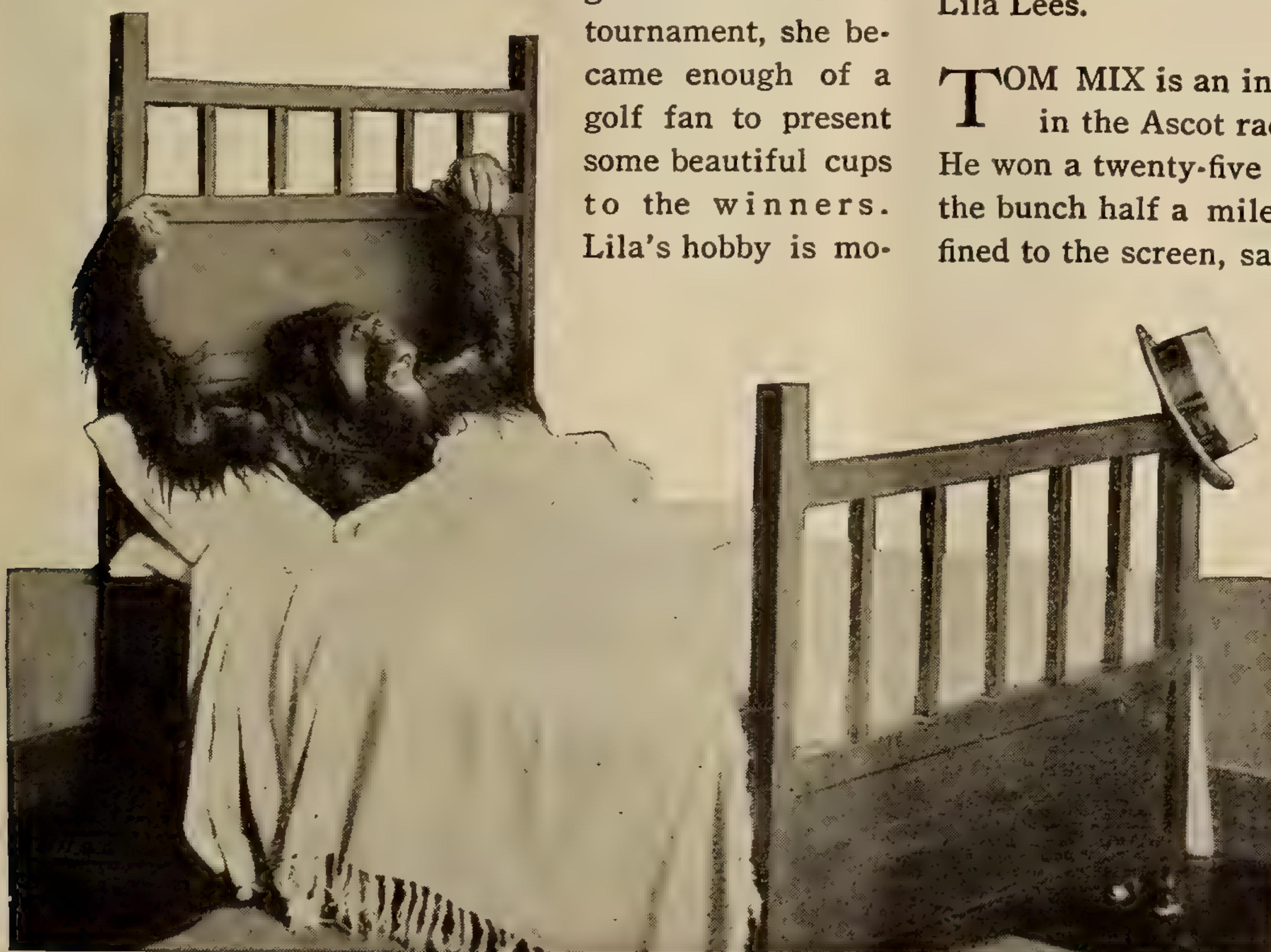
Zasu Pitts—she of the original name—entered her ancient Tin Lizzie in the Ascot Park races for motion picture people recently. She is about to take her position at the tape.

Celebrities

by stealing his food and annoying him generally. In an animal comedy, called "Monkey Stuff," in which Joe took the lead, he had to smoke a cigar, and he got away with it, but was green-eyed for an hour afterward. When he went into his cage that night, he begged another lighted cigar from a studio carpenter, who gave it to him, observing that Joe had "got the habit." But Joe had something different from a habit—he had an idea. He puffed ecstatically for a moment, during which time Skipper chattered and cursed, seeing that Joe had something which he hadn't, and at last he snatched the lighted weed and started in on it. Those watching, say that Joe observed him with saturnine joy, and, by pretending to take the cigar away, bluffed Skipper into smoking all of it. What resulted was, of course, inevitable. The robber monkey curled up in a ball of misery and alternately suffered from *mal de mere* and attacks of cramps. Since then, he has not molested Joe's belongings, and peace reigns in the house of Martin.

ZASU PITTS, she of the ginger-snap name, was asked to enter a car in the Ascot races held recently in Los Angeles. Her "entry" was a Ford of Colonial vintage and temperamental qualities. Outside of refusing to start at all, then going backwards for fifty yards, running into a fence and blowing out a tire, it got along famously. Everything would have been lovely, says Zasu, only she forgot her nail file with which she repairs the car's innards; then, too, some joker filled the gasoline tank with Bevo.

LILA LEE confesses that she doesn't play much golf—just kind of "walks around the green," she says. But when the Famous Players of the Lasky corporation gave an invitational tournament, she became enough of a golf fan to present some beautiful cups to the winners. Lila's hobby is mo-



Joe Martin, voicing the sentiment that "it's nice to get up in the morning, but it's nicer to lie in bed." "He is more human than some people," says "Curly" Stecker, his trainer, and Joe doesn't always rely on the brains of others to think for him.



Chester Conklin as he looks when away from Slapstick Comedies.

toring, and—she admits it—she likes to speed. The other day she was stopped on Hollywood Boulevard by a motor cop, but she turned her sweetest "Cuddles" smile full upon him, and he murmured some advice about going slower in the future, and she promised him an autographed picture. Even cops, it appears, are human, but then we are not all Lila Lees.

TOM MIX is an inveterate speedster, and entered a car in the Ascot races. Did he win? We'll say he did. He won a twenty-five mile race, finishing with the rest of the bunch half a mile behind. Tom's speed is not confined to the screen, say we. While we're on the subject of Tom Mix, we might remark that among his numerous fan letters, he received one the other day from a young admirer in a boys' school. The epistle was to this effect:

"Dere Tom Mix,

"I have wrote you many times befor but the teecher always gets them becaz of my bad spelling wich is poor. but if this gets out will you send me a pitcher becaz i like you very much in pitchers and i hope to be a acter sometime miself. plese send yor pitcher to genrul delivry and i will sneke

(Continued on page 37)



It is unusual to see terror registered on the face of either Charlie Chaplin or Douglas Fairbanks, but here it is, undoubtedly; the camera cannot lie. Readers seeking a reason will be let into the secret that the leaning tower at the left of the picture is Jack Dempsey.

ON some rainy afternoon when you're looking for excitement, try running into a picture house and hooking up the title of the picture with the play. There's nothing like it for genuine stimulation.

Sometimes you can almost see where the title fits in, and at other times the mystery is as deliciously engulfing as a Coney Island wave. William Fox, our pedagogical producer, stands alone in his campaign of better titles for the film. Throwing aside the popular guessing game idea, he is putting an almost spiritual inspiration into his titles. One of his new ones is "Love is Love." There is a title of real value. He might have called his picture "Beer is Beer" or "Nuts are Nuts," but he preferred the subtlety of "Love is Love." And William Fox is right, for after all, you know, love is love, and there are no two ways of arguing about it. If producers would all put the same dash and go and depth into their titles, there is no doubt but that the M. P. industry would be greatly improved—but Lord knows what it would

Screen Scrapple

By Helen Rockwell

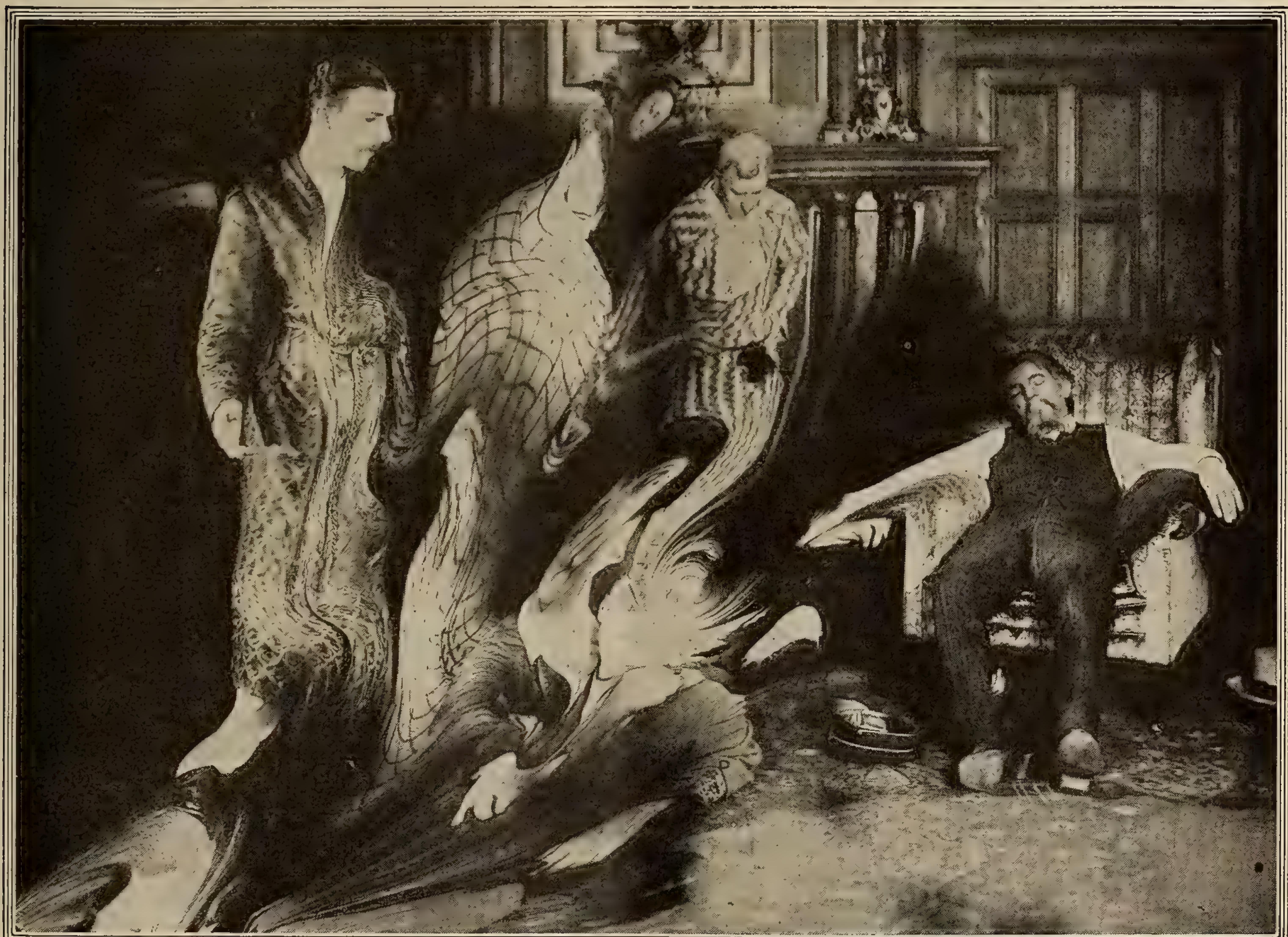
do to that rainy afternoon idea!

AN exhibitor explains that he advertised Kate Gordon in "Playthings of Passion" as wearing \$250,000

worth of clothes. It seems like an awful lot of clothes for Kate to be wearing. If, for instance, the exhibitor had cut down the sum by something like \$249,999, so that one wouldn't have to be compelled to picture Kate's back fairly struggling for expression under so much weight, wouldn't it have been a better business stroke?

NO doubt feeling that hero stuff is just what the movies lack and need, Pathé has burst out into originality and provided a new feature for William Russell, called plainly, "This Hero Stuff." It will be something a little different to see a handsome male star playing a real heroic role, rescuing heroines and vanquishing villains ad infinitum. We can fairly imagine it! There is nothing really

(Continued on page 36)



At first glance this might be taken for an example of futurist art, but it isn't. The truth of the matter is this: The camera man snapped the picture and developed the plate, then put it in the rack to dry. In order to facilitate drying, some artificial heat was applied. The emulsion on the plate melted and the freak "still" resulted. Stuart Holmes is standing on the extreme left, all in proper shape except one foot. Next to him is John P. Wade, somewhat resembling a Japanese Samurai. The last of the standing trio is John Stevens. Kneeling on the floor is Frances Mann, holding the head of Wilfred Lytell in her lap. William Welsh is asleep in the chair, unscathed by Futurism.

Types In Movieland

By F. C. Blakeslee

Illustrated By W. E. Hill



THE BAD CITY WOMAN



THE GOOD COUNTRY GIRL

I WONDER why it is that in the movies nearly all country people are good and nearly all city people are bad. Personally, being a city man myself, I rather resent seeing my type always luring innocent girls to ruin. Strange as it may seem, I actually know city people who have never done this; in fact, I have never done it myself. I have no first-hand knowledge of country life, but I am told that some of the Ten Commandments are occasionally strained even "down on the farm."

It is true that there seems to be one exception to the general wickedness of the city men, and that is the civil engineer. If you see a man in the country wearing a drab shirt open at the neck and with sleeves rolled up, khaki trousers and stained leather puttees, you know at once that he is a civil engineer and all right, even if he does come from the city; but if you see a man in a dark coat, whipcord riding breeches and spotless boots strolling down a country lane, carrying a riding crop, watch out for him. Sometimes, also, you will see an author or a newspaper man depicted upon the screen as a fairly decent human being; but this is probably policy, as the managers doubtless feel that they have to stand in more or less with these undesirable citizens.

According to the films the average city business man seems to keep, or try to keep, a stenographer for personal rather than business purposes, and the time these poor

girls have in trying to repel the advances of their employers and keep their jobs would make your heart ache, if you didn't know something about conditions in actual business offices.

City women in movieland seem to be divided into two general classes, poor ones who are good and rich ones who are bad. Life for the poor girl is one long struggle to prevent rich men forcing automobiles and sable coats upon her, while for the rich woman it is one round of teas, dances and bridge parties, usually in the company of some other man than her husband. Of course, the city woman loses a lot of money at bridge and doesn't tell her husband, and this places her in the power of the villain, who seems to be irresistible to the fair sex, no matter where they hail from. The bridge debt in the city is the camouflaged mortgage on the old farm of the rural drama.

Country girls are charming little things as seen upon the screen, but one wonders if their quaint methods of eating and other little rural tricks would seem as delightful in city surroundings, for, of course, they all marry handsome and rich civil engineers and move to the city, where it is presumed that they eventually degenerate into bridge fiends and get into all kinds of trouble. Perhaps some day a manager will run a sequel and show us what happens to one of them "Ten Years Later."

While we are discussing the country, let us turn to an-

other well-known type—the rich old miser who seeks to foreclose the mortgage on the gray-haired widow (sometimes in the midst of a howling snowstorm), and would do so, if the long-absent son did not turn up in the nick of time with a bundle of banknotes. It is hard to understand how such a grasping, unlovable nature could have been developed in the surroundings of the country, amidst buttercups and daisies. The only explanation that I can think of is that in his youth he must have lived in the city for a while and thus warped his soul.

For some people the height of dramatic art is to see a man wash up at a horse trough, while the sight of a load of hay will move them almost to tears. For them the line in "Way Down East," "You let him sit at your table, but you drive me from your door," when accompanied by a good stage snowstorm and the vigorous working of the wind machine, surpasses anything that Shakespeare ever wrote.



There is one exception to the general wickedness of city men and that is the civil engineer.

Overheard at the Movies

"Who is that fellow over there roasting the picture so loudly? Doesn't he know that he's disturbing the people around him?"

"Why, that's Diggs, the great man who wrote the scenario!"

"You don't mean to tell me he'd roast his own picture that way in public?"

"Sh! He doesn't know it's his!"

Too Frank About It

*First "Extra"—*Why didn't you play that part the director assigned you to-day? Because it called for an old-maid make-up?

*Second "Extra"—*No, I didn't mind that but I was insulted. He said he selected me because I looked natural.

Speaking of "Way Down East" reminds me of a criticism of "Ben-Hur" which I once heard. In the scene in that play where the mother and sister of Ben-Hur are cured of leprosy by Christ, a strong ray of light is used, which is supposed to radiate from the body of the Savior (Who is not seen) and cleanse the bodies of the women who are kneeling in its midst. In order to enhance the effect of the ray, minute pieces of mica were sifted through it from above, to give the effect of desert dust. It was a powerful and impressive scene and the house was absorbed in it. Suddenly a rube sitting next to me turned and remarked in a disgusted manner, "Say, this snowstorm doesn't begin to touch the one in 'Way Down East'!"

Back to nature is the cry, and in the spoken drama they do endeavor to depict natural types, but in the motion picture often the scenery is the only thing which can be said to truthfully represent things as they are.

Ample Proof

"I wonder how it happened that King Solomon forgot to mention moving pictures?"

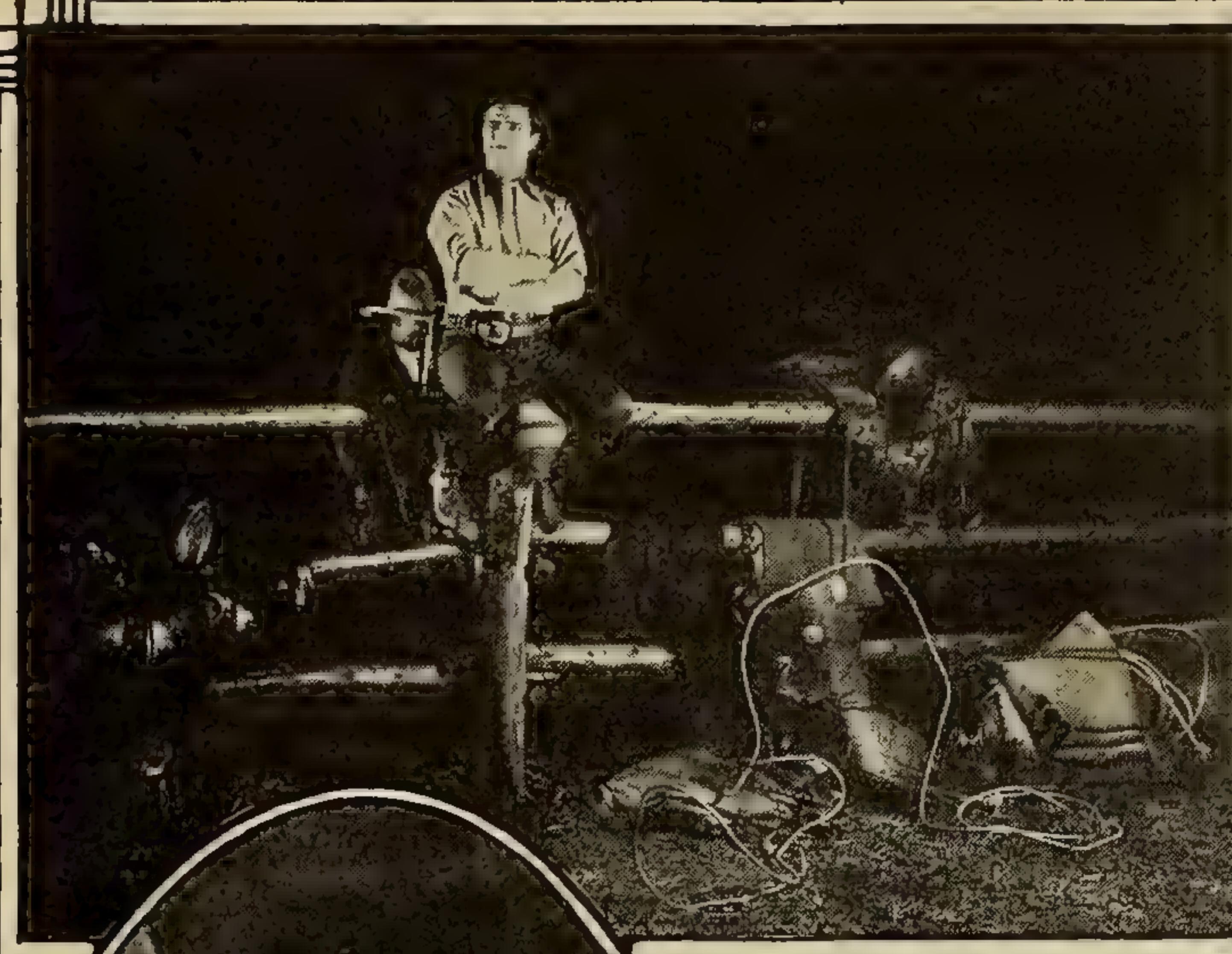
"Why, they hadn't been invented."

"Hadn't been invented! Sure, I saw with my own eyes the night before last a moving picture of King Solomon himself!"

The Secret

Expensive frocks don't make a leadin' lady;
Just bein' tough won't make a vampire shady;
Short skirts and curls can't make an ingenue.
It ain't the dress or looks; it's what you DO.
A perfect thirty-six won't bring the boodle,
Unless you've got gray matter in your noodle.
A pretty face alone won't make a star;
It ain't just what you WANT; it's what you ARE.
—Richard Willis

Tom Mix in "Rough Riding Romance"



1. Introducing Phineas at his ranch. Rich but living a simple life.



3. Struggling with the problem of correct evening dress before going "rescuing."

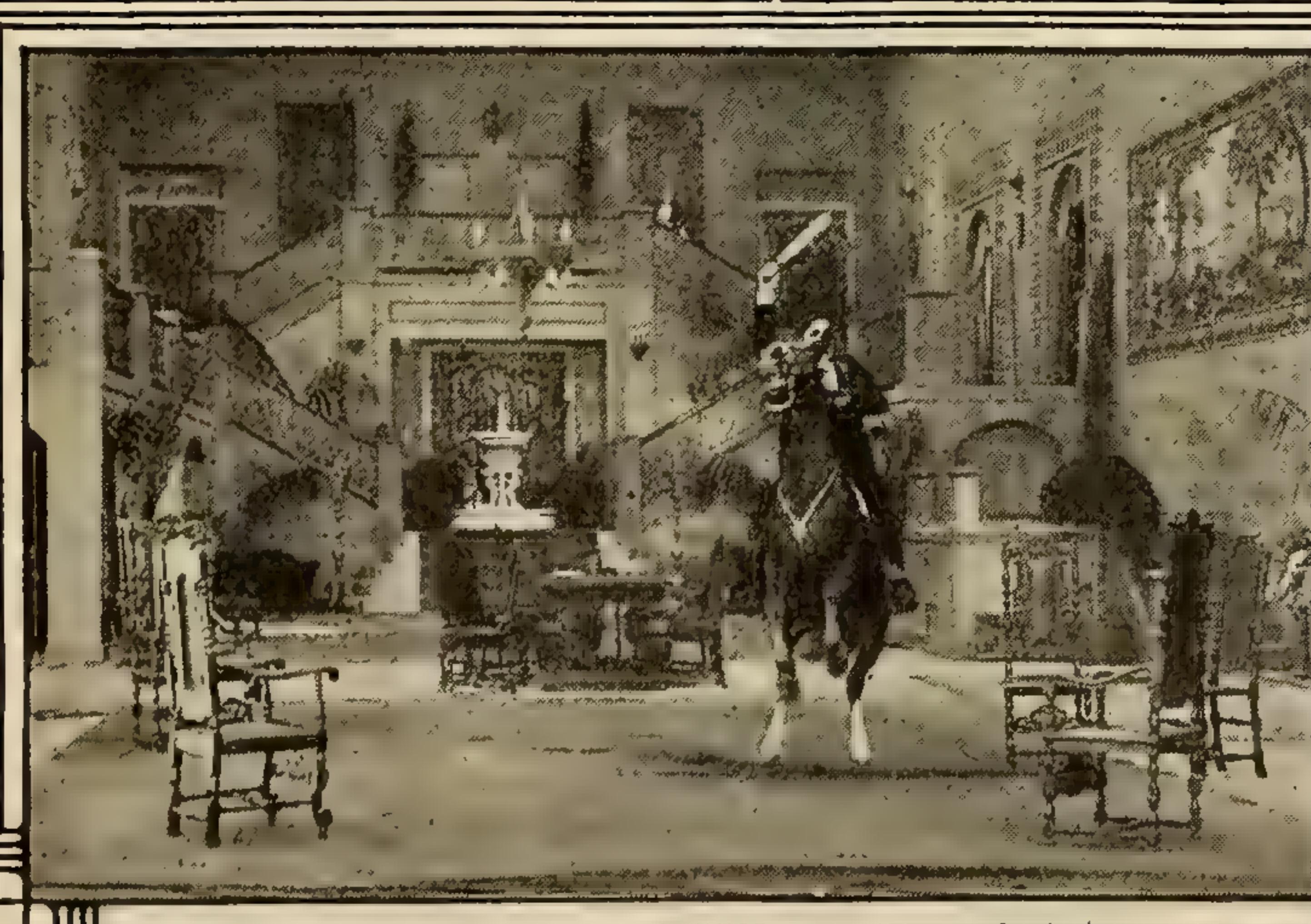
2. Getting his bearings after answering "the girl's" summons.



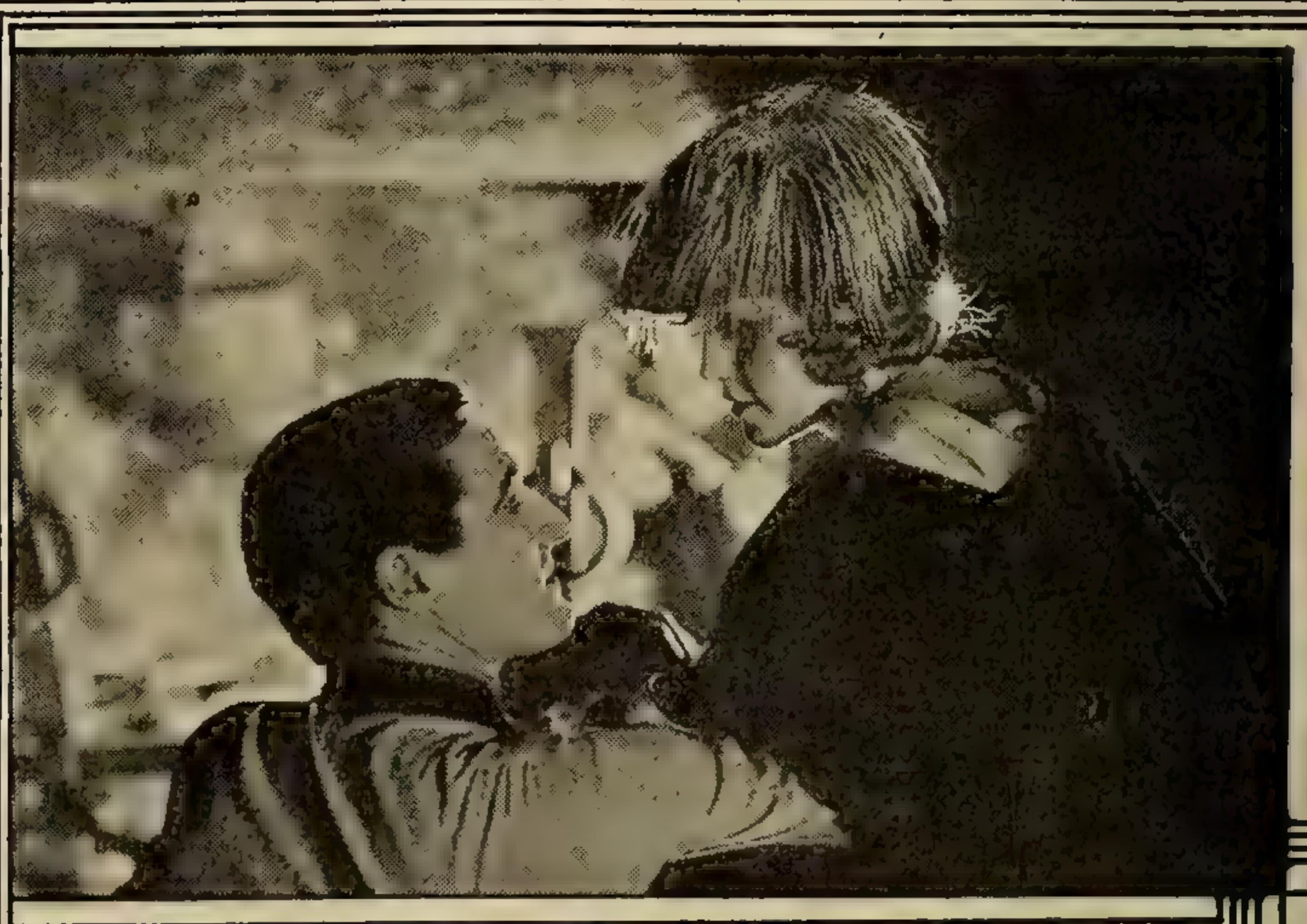
4. Phineas and the princess. Having come on a horse, he wears spurs with his "soup-and-fish."

The Story Compressed

Phineas Dobbs (Tom Mix) is a Cow Hollow ranchman who becomes rich when oil is found on his land. Then comes a girl—held up at the town by brief railroad trouble. Phineas rescues her from the Cow Hollow bad man, and because of his bravery, she begs him to follow her to San Francisco, where she'll need him. Phineas goes. The girl's father turns out to be a Balkan king and she a real princess, both held by conspirators hoping to obtain ransom. After a series of Tom-mixups, Phineas liberates them. Then, bold in rescue but shy in love, he returns sadly to the modest hamlet he calls home, believing that "love stuff" does not come true. But the princess follows Phineas to little Cow Hollow, and he soon changes his opinion.



5. Phineas, his horse, and in the background the stairway. He rides four times up and down the latter, routing the conspirators and escaping with the princess.



6. Before the open fire at the ranch in Cow Hollow, whether the princess followed him. She doesn't actually propose to Phineas, but the ending is mutually satisfactory.

Comments and Criticisms of a Free-Lance

By LINDA A. GRIFFITH

(Mrs. David W. Griffith)

RUPERT HUGHES, in the New York *Times*, contributes an article on the author's recognition in the movies that is a most interesting and intelligent survey of this much debated topic. Mr. Hughes tells of receiving \$10,000 each in cash for several stories which, when made into motion pictures, had not "one entire incident, theme or characterization" that could be recognized by him. There are a generous company of authors to keep Mr. Hughes company in this respect. The utter destruction of fine literary material by studio mechanics has been no less than criminal. It has reached a stage where lovers of good books couldn't be dragged into a theater to see the stories they are fond of, in their movie-sized versions. One of the first popular novels to be produced as a motion picture was Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way." It featured Wm. Faversham and Jane Grey. It was a monstrous abortion. It need not have been, for surely "The Right of Way" was full of characterizations and situations essentially suited to the screen. But from that early day to this, the directors and scenario writers have gone on their merry slaughtering way.

The "Eminent Authors Pictures," a recent organization, promises to taboo this prevalent method of flagrant violation of literary construction and theme, and make from their stories motion pictures that will live up to the author's name. Mr. Rex Beach has laid down seven points in the production of Eminent Authors Pictures that should certainly insure the very best in picture production. The seventh point alone, if lived up to, cannot fail to give the people the very best in motion pictures. This seventh point reads as follows: "This is the day of whole-hearted co-operation between author, director and actor to make consistently good pictures out of the best stories of the most popular authors." The authors whose works are to be picturized are Rex Beach, Rupert Hughes, Gertrude Atherton, Leroy Scott, Gouvernor Marris and Mary Roberts Rinehart.

Now as to this co-operation between author and director. Mr. Hughes, having had practical experience about the studio, has an understanding of the situation that not all authors have. He realizes that not every author is willing to get up at 4 a. m. and drive fifty miles out in the coun-



LINDA A. GRIFFITH

Editor's Note.—The writer, who began her career with the Biograph Company, is well known in the moving picture world. Her latest success was as star in her own striking sociological play "Charity." She is a keen critic and analyst of all that pertains to motion picture art, and tells the truth about those who are either striving for its downfall or working for its advancement.

try to be present at a sunrise effect. Nor would he be any too willing to spend a hot August day leaping from crag to crag and crawling Indian fashion on narrow, altitudinous ledges of rock in order to get a needed mountain atmosphere, or to put in a cold, bleak, windy day in the Mojave desert getting sandstorm scenes. If the author is to thoroughly co-operate with the director, he must be there. Not being there, what is to prevent the director (unless there be the most Christianlike understanding and reciprocity between them) off on such locations hundreds of miles away from author in his cozy studio, busy on an expensive new story for the *Saturday Evening Post*, from doctoring and doping and fixing things *his way*, when he has such a wonderful chance to do so without the author's interference? The literary temperament is not often so strenuous as the motion picture temperament. Says Mr. Hughes along these lines: "Rex Beach is an unusual author. In addition to his abilities as a writer of fiction, he had enjoyed a special training in the Klondike and other rough spots of the earth. It stood him in good stead now. He liked to wrestle with walruses, to lasso polar bears and draw them closer to him. He went out before breakfast and took an avalanche on his shoulders instead of a shower-bath. He could live for weeks on an ice floe, eating snowball and blubber. He was uniquely qualified to explore

the cinemarctic circle, to beard the sealions in their studios, and to make the savage Eskimangers listen to reason for their own good." There is the essence of truth as well as merry persiflage in the above lines.

It is going to be a far different proposition for an author to keep tab on the director in the making of a motion picture than on a director rehearsing a play in a theater. There the hours are regular, the place is comfortable and food can be had. If changes are made when the author is not present, he notices same at the next rehearsal he attends. Not so with missing several days of picture taking. The author would not know what had been done until the film was shown in the projection room months later. Then, if the author doesn't approve certain scenes he didn't see taken, and should want them retaken, the leading actor may have died, and as he might have appeared in 450 other scenes, the picture could not possibly be changed.

Those Sixteen-year-old Stars

AT the recent meeting of the Motion Picture and Theatrical Association, in the Hotel Astor, Amelia Bingham relieved herself of pent-up bitternesses against the motion picture. One thing she would like particularly to see is the elimination of the inexperienced sixteen-year-olders who are foisted upon the public as great actresses and featured as bright and shining stars. "These youngsters," as Miss Bingham said, "do not and should not know how to portray emotion." Not many of them are called upon to portray emotion. The producers do not want them to portray emotion, for they are not "pretty" when they "emote." And to be "pretty" is the ironclad rule of stardom in the movies. No one but Pauline Frederick, Emily Stevens and Nazimova dares to portray emotion, and when these actresses screw their faces into tense knots and pull down the corners of their mouths, the picture is not the prettiest one to have to look upon. Nazimova seems to have come to this realization. Something seems changed in her face. It has become quite plastic. This tragedienne seems to be competing for honors in the ingenue class.

But as far as the sixteen-year-old star portraying emotion is concerned, none of them attempt it or are allowed to attempt it. If there is an emotional scene in the scenario, it is changed; the "action" is merely suggested—the scene is "cut" just before the climax is reached. When Mary Pickford, who is a few years past sixteen, portrayed *Madam Butterfly* (which she never should have done), the scene where she stabs herself was changed. Instead of a dramatic "stabbing" scene, Miss Pickford merely walked, back to audience, out to the depths of a lake and drowned herself. Drowning in such fashion does not require the portrayal of deep, tragic feeling. Perhaps the Board of Censors would not allow the stabbing. Who are the sixteen-year-old stars who portray all this emotion that Miss Bingham quarrels about? Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, Constance Talmadge, Vivian Martin, Bessie Love, Dorothy Gish, June Caprice, Mae Marsh—are any of these sixteen? Many of them look it, but aren't. However, no one makes the public go to see either the genuine or imitation sixteen-year-old article. No, nor never will, unless it become a national prohibition to view them older. The dimes and quarters that pass over the counter tell the story, and no actress remains a star when she ceases to be a paying proposition.

Many of the real artists in motion pictures are not "money-makers." Some who have little claim to "art," such as Theda Bara, are big commercial successes. As yet there is only one thing we must do we may not want to, and that is drink tea, coffee, Coca-Cola or fruit punch with our dinner. We are free to choose our stars, and no one is forced to see Constance Talmadge when George Beban would be preferred. If the public is gullible enough to accept crude, inexperienced young women as great actresses because the press agent says they are, what are you going to do about it? Scold the public, not the sixteen-year-old ingenue. Of all concerned, she is the least responsible.

The Decadence of the Movies

IS there much pride in doing good work among the makers of motion pictures to-day? Has not the almighty dollar been so flouted and advertised in its connection with the "movie" that one is much more impressed by the fact that Elsie Ferguson receives \$6,000 a week than by her acting? Strange, we are not more impressed upon hearing what income tax Caruso paid for 1918 than we are when we are privileged to hear him sing. In fact, what income tax he paid makes but the slightest impression, but it is unforgettable that Miss Ferguson receives \$6,000 per. I read the amount of Caruso's income tax in all the papers, but for the life of me I do not recall whether it was \$1,900, \$25,000 or \$359,000. Whether Vicente Blasco Ibanez, the Spanish novelist, has made one or two fortunes on his magnificent story of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," I have never read in print. I do not know whether he maintains a yacht in the blue Mediterranean, a Swiss chalet or a French chateau or two, but I shall never forget his description of the battle of the Marne. True, we have Robert W. Chambers in our midst, but we don't have to read him.

There is enough of fine literature and splendid opera and music every day in New York City to more than justify the hungriest appetite. But how about the movies? If I venture forth to-day in quest of a high-class screen play, I am mighty lucky if there happens to be a single one to be really enjoyed and taken seriously. There may be, in small, out-of-the-way theaters, "gems born to blush unseen," but I doubt it. I doubt it very much. Now, by "makers" of motion pictures, I mean all those that have contributed to the finished product shown upon the screen in the form of a photoplay. After witnessing for several consecutive weeks the general "run" of features shown in three of New York City's finest theaters, the Strand, Rivoli and Rialto, I for one feel that "pride" is sadly lacking. In a month's journeyings to the above-named theaters, only three pictures show any pride of workmanship. They are "Out of the Fog," with the incomparable Nazimova; Griffith's "The Girl Who Stayed at Home," and "The Test."

Why do people go into the movies? The majority, to earn a living. They feel they have an aptitude for whatever branch of the work they desire to enter, whether it be as promoter to sell stock for some new corporation, to cut and splice film, or as humble "extra" with "stardom" in view. Time was, in the early days of 1909 and '10, that one should have been ashamed to have had pride in this then so-considered bastard art. But, strange to say, then we did have pride, a great deal of pride, a jealous, hurt pride, because we were so genuinely sincere in bringing the best that was in us every day to our work, and no one cared. The Lord knows we weren't getting rich on our salaries. We had faith in what we were doing and wanted recognition. We weren't getting it.

How anxious we all were in that little old Biograph studio, numbering among those present the now brilliant millionaire stars, Mary Pickford, Mack Sennett and Mabel Normand, to make suggestions, and what pride we took in

(Continued on page 38)

"The Microbe" That Turned Out a Bookworm



1. *The Microbe* (center) with two of the members of her gang.

2. *De Witt's* housekeeper has her doubts about the "boy" before her.



3. *The Microbe* transformed. (Education works wonders speedily in the movies.) Judith is jealous.

The Plot at a Glance

The Microbe (Viola Dana), a waif, attracts the notice of *De Witt Spense*, an author. He thinks her a boy and takes her home. He learns she is a girl from his housekeeper. Daintily clothed, *The Microbe* develops unexpected charms, so much so that *Judith*, a widow fond of *De Witt*, plots her downfall. *The Microbe* runs away and gets work in a factory. To *De Witt* come anonymously letters of high literary value, which *Judith* tells him she wrote, thinking to win him. He finds inspiration in them for a book, but the truth is they came from *The Microbe*. Word that the latter is ill in a hospital brings author and ex-waif together. *De Witt* learns who was the real inspiration for his book and — happy finis for both.



4. *Judith* succeeds in convincing *The Microbe* that she is no longer wanted in *De Witt's* home.



5. *The Microbe* at her employment in the factory. Separated from *De Witt*, loving him, the letters she writes him anonymously are her only solace.



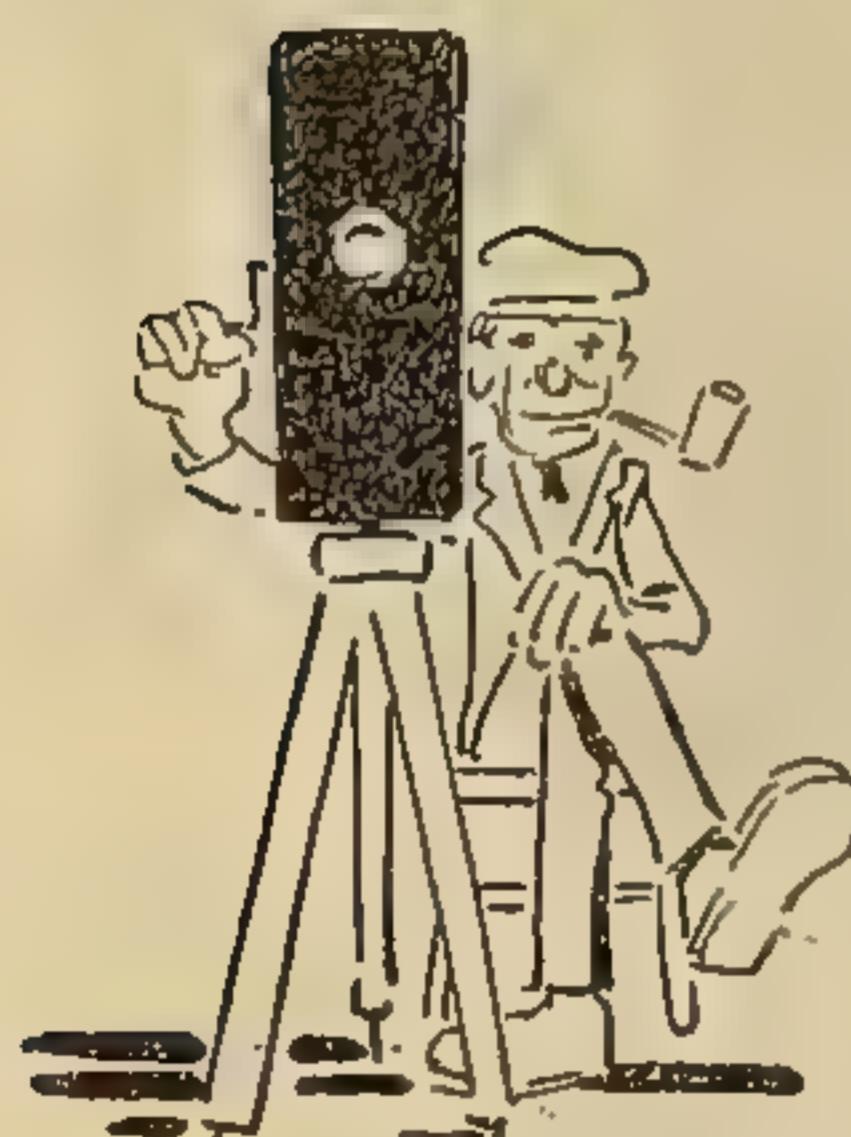
6. *The Microbe's* joy at seeing *De Witt's* new book, based on the letters she has sent him. The rest of the play is illness, reunion, confession and matrimony.



"WEEP, AND YOU WEEP ALONE!"

But not necessarily, for here is a close-up of Louise Glaum "weeping" in the presence of the director, the press agent, the camera men, the stage hands and a near-orchestra whose strains are to help her "emote."

Censorship



Yes, really, we are very sure
We want our motion pictures pure;
Cut out those parts that look obscene
Before you throw them on the screen.
Just cover up the limbs of trees
And legs of tables, if you please.
Think twice, and then three times be-
ware

Before you show a grizzly "bare."
When you show dogs, show too their "pants,"
And if you must release, perchance
The start of things without its "close,"
You're apt to gain a host of foes.
Be careful now and do not try
To throw on screens the naked eye.
We ask these things because we're sure
You also want the pictures pure.

—Raymond L. Kurtz.

The Diary of a Movie Villain

MONDAY—Shot two men, poisoned a third and cracked a safe to-day. Spent the evening quietly at home playing with the baby.

TUESDAY—Blew up a Sunday school this morning. Nothing much to do this afternoon—brained an old man, that's all. Played with the baby again this evening.

WEDNESDAY—This morning I threw two old women into a deep well and knifed a bridegroom. Spent the afternoon trying on new mustaches and a new way of flicking

the ashes from my cigarette which the director wants to try out. Played checkers with the wife in the evening.

THURSDAY—Broke up a happy family, abducted a young girl and got over my new cigarette flick with great success to-day. More checkers with the wife to-night.

FRIDAY—Slit a man's throat in the morning and kicked a boy to death this afternoon. Played with the baby again this evening.

SATURDAY—Nothing much doing to-day—murdered a few people and broke into a house and took the family jewels. Played with the baby and then played checkers with the wife to-night. Ho hum, this is a stale life. Guess I'll have to get into something beside the movies—something where things aren't so monotonous and there's more excitement.

Tragedy

Roars of anger arose from the comedy director as he strode up and down the studio.

"What's the matter?" asked his assistant.

"We can't shoot to-day!" he raged. "Somebody ate the pies!"

Proof

"Why are you so positive in your assertion that he is a poor actor?"

"Haven't you noticed that he is always the one selected when somebody has to die in the first reel?"

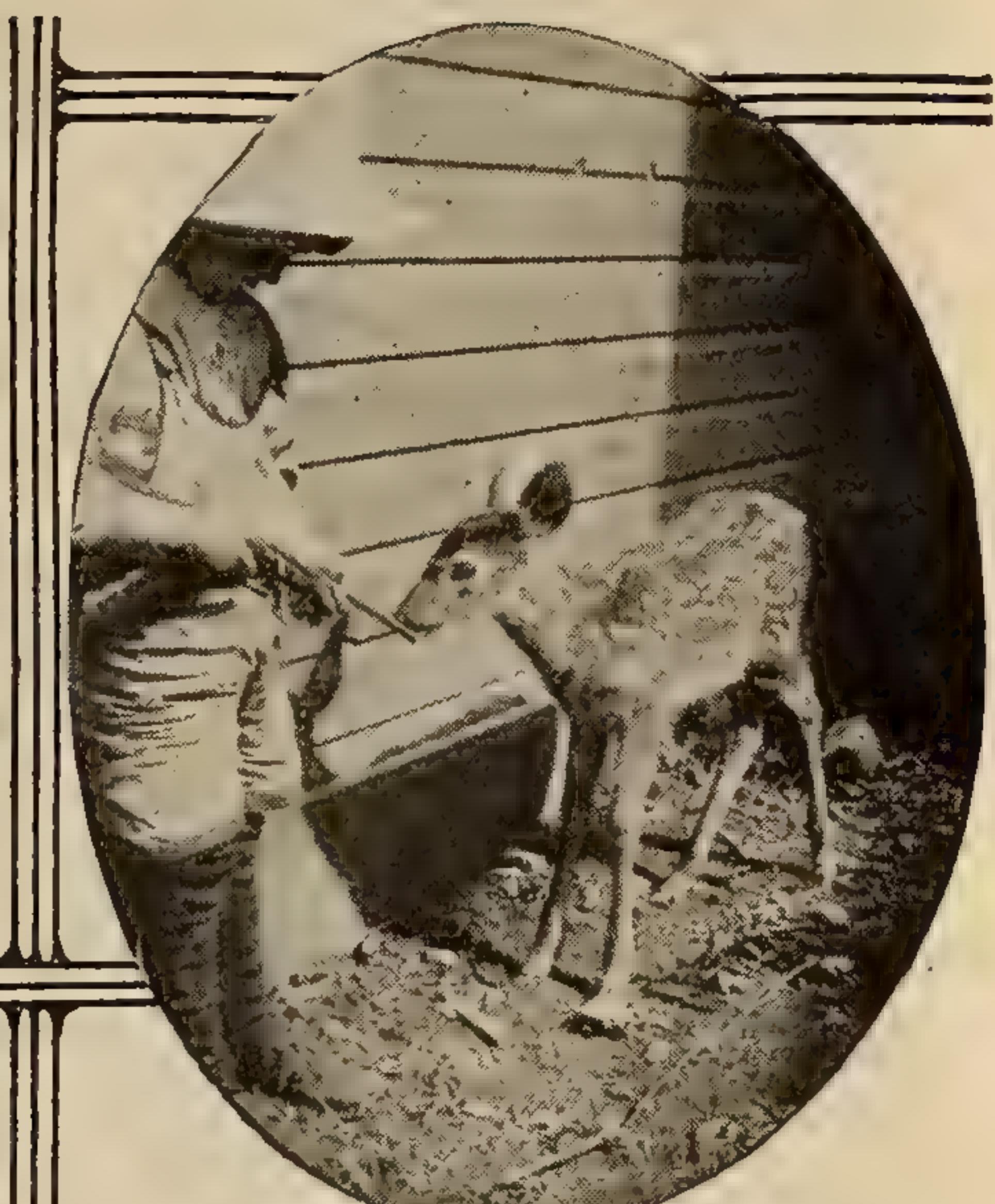
Hunting Big Game With a Movie Camera



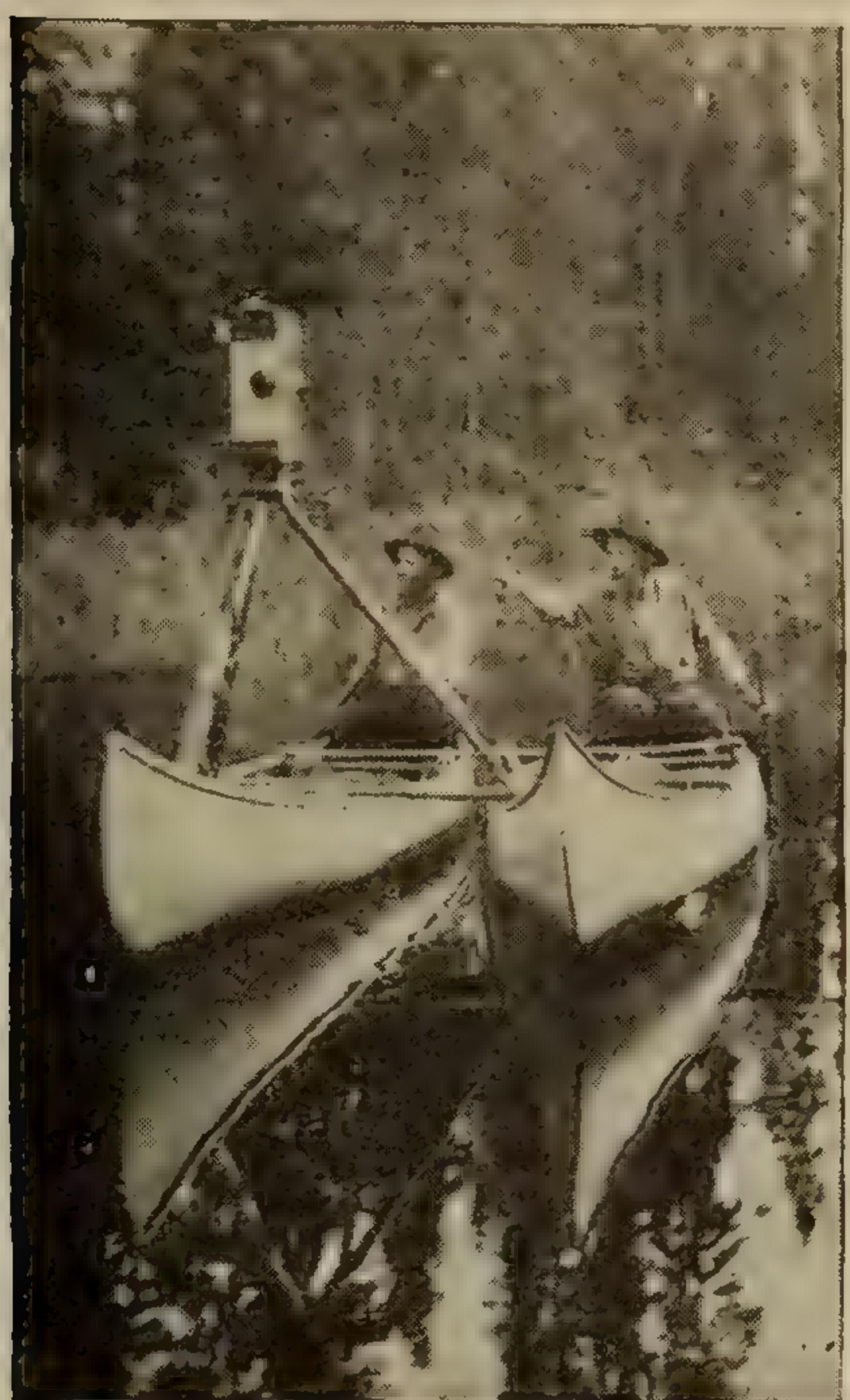
Two canoes lashed together give firm footing to the camera.



It is second nature to a woodsman to choose a picturesque spot to camp.



This is not "Fawn Afraid." He's fond of his keeper.



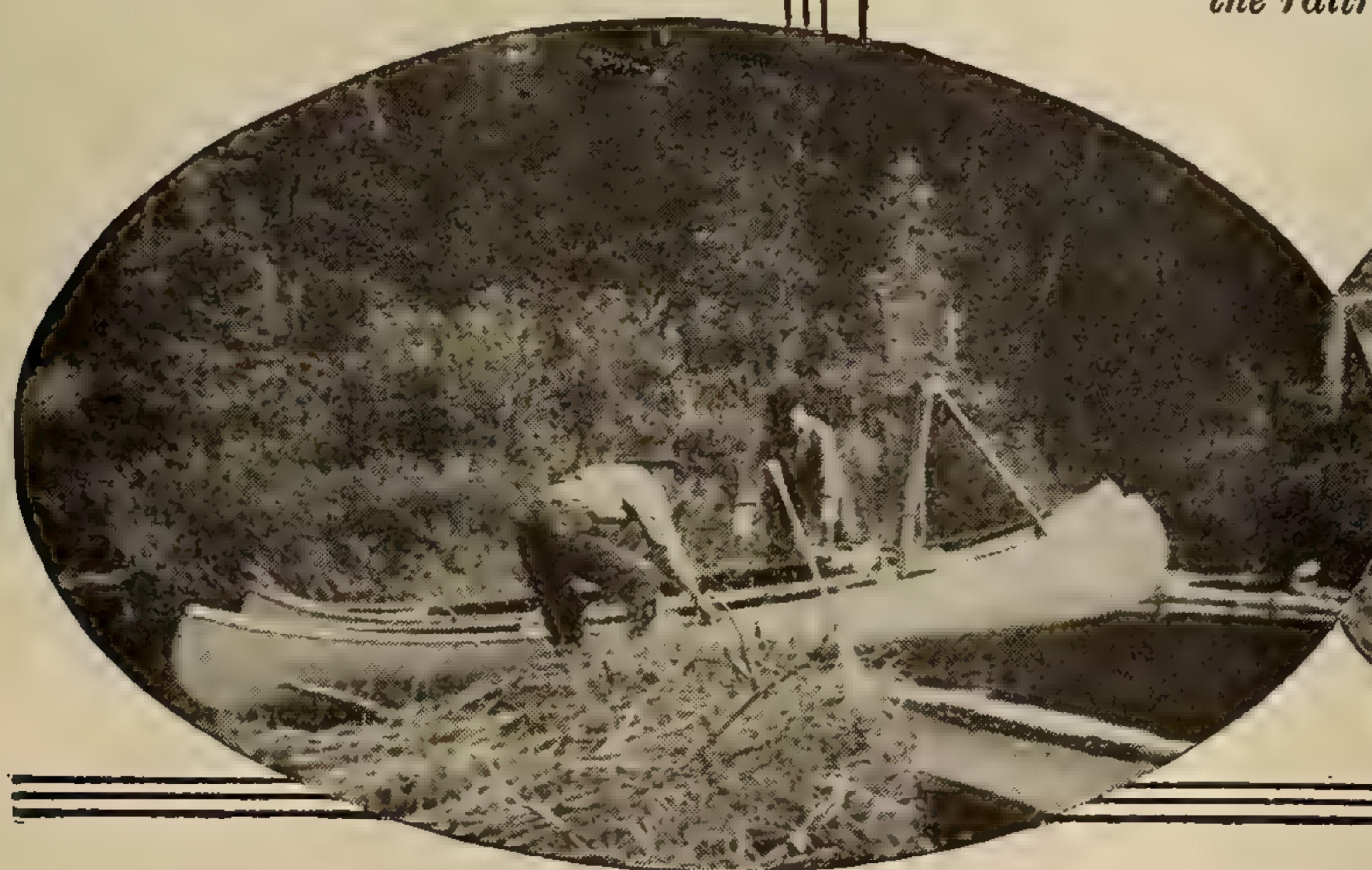
Two guides paddle the canoes. Two legs of tripod in one canoe, one in the other.



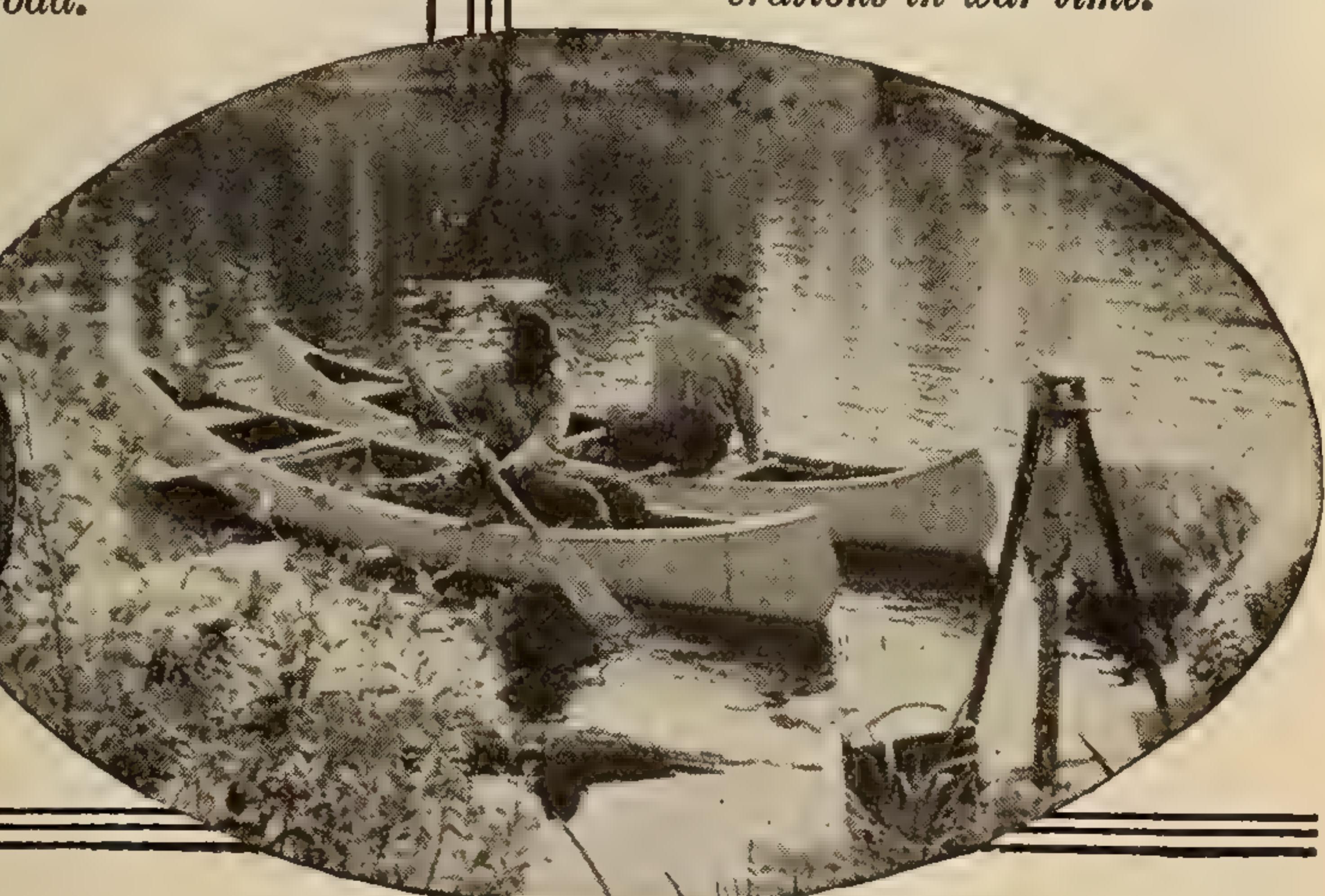
C. L. CHESTER, INC. VANDER VEER PHOTOS
His majesty the moose views with alarm any approaching camera man. This shot was obtained 75 miles beyond the end of the railroad.



He doesn't consider this so difficult as taking pictures of enemy operations in war time.

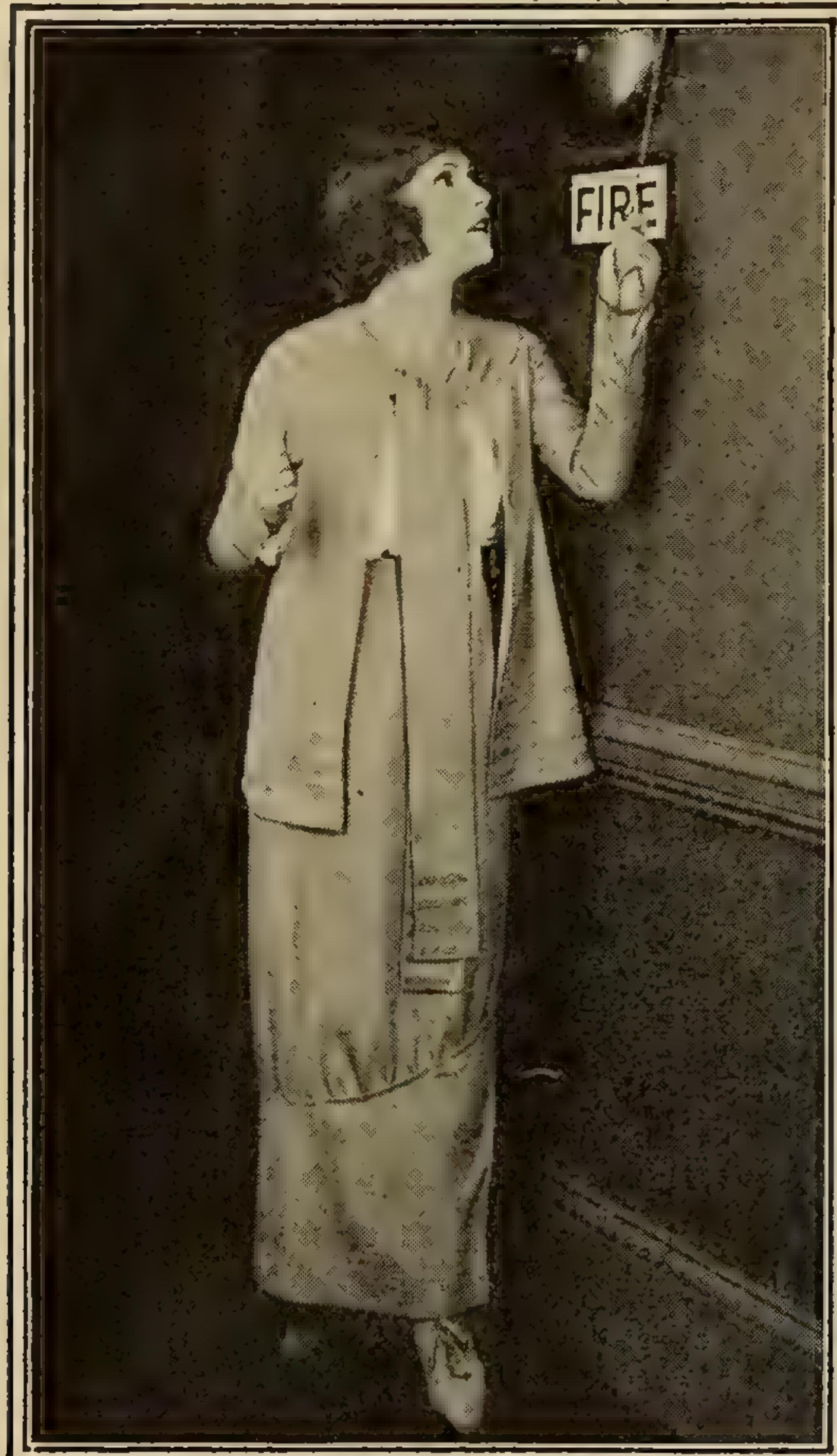


Passing a beaver dam, but finding no beavers at home.



The end of a perfect day is like its beginning.

"Draperies Any Way That Pleases You" Is How'



FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS

Constance Talmadge meets this stressful moment in a tailor gown of fawn color, trimmed with silk braid of the same shade.



FOX

Elinor Fair would be glad if all the responsibilities of being a star rested as lightly as this frock of old ivory, with polonaise of silver lace.



UNIVERSAL

Priscilla Dean is sure her restoration to the day she donned this snowy robe her She could play "Juliet" in it, sh



VITAGRAPH

This gold net, embroidered with gold braid over a foundation of gold cloth makes Corinne Griffith wish color photography had been perfected.



VITAGRAPH

Alice Joyce, in pensive pose and a pretty hat, seems to be saying good-by to summer. Shadow brims are shown in autumn styles, however.



GOLDWYN-REX BEACH

Beautiful Betty Blythe likes this wisteria chiffon over pale yellow tassels of gold.

These Stars Interpret Dame Fashion's Latest Decree



FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS

Norma Talmadge's gown is white, with gold underskirt and pearl beaded trimmings, while sister Constance is wearing a rose-colored frock with silver lace petticoat.



PARAMOUNT

HARTSOOK PHOTO

The dimple and the smile had as much to do with getting this space for Wanda Hawley as the modish sailor hat of rough straw.



GLAUM-J. PARKER READ, JR., PRODUCTIONS

Louise Glaum wears this "creation" in "Sahara." Desert wastes should have no terrors for one so apparelled.



UNIVERSAL

Tsu-ro Aoki, wife of Sessue Hayakawa, in her choice of this embroidered Japanese costume, and the way she wears it, shows the genius which has made her a first favorite with "fans."



VITAGRAPH

At present prices for fabrics, waste is wicked, and Corinne Griffith, in this dress of silver fishnet over silver cloth, has utilized black satin in one strip for sleeves, drapery and train.

Movies From Film Fun's Screen



Something of Importance: or, A Few Futile Fears of a Fond Father



Not all nymphs of the California studios are as sparsely garbed as the Sennett bathing girls. Here are two—Evelyn Nelson and Blanche White of the Bull's Eye Follies—who prove that the femininity loses none of its charm by being modestly clad.

What a Director Thinks of When He Takes a Railroad Trip

"That conductor would screen well except for his whiskers—I'd make him comb 'em out and square them off. The woman he's taking the ticket from looks as though she'd like to bite him. That would make a good scene—the woman leaps up, grabs the conductor by the whiskers and bites his ear. The conductor yells for help and the fat man in the next seat separates them. No—no good—too much farce. The woman suddenly draws a gun on the conductor, while the fat man, who turns out to be her partner, holds up the coach and goes through the passengers getting a hat full of wallets and jewelry. A strong wind blows in through that open window and dashes the conductor's whiskers into the woman's eyes, temporarily blinding her. The conductor grabs the woman's gun, shoots the fat man in the back and grabs up the hat of valuables and leaps out of the train. It seems that he was a crook himself all the time, had planned to rob the train himself and had cleverly disguised himself as a crook with the aid of the whiskers. No—no—too much whiskers

again! Dawgone it, I wish that guy would shave 'em off, they're getting on my nerves. Who the Dickens ever invented railroad trips anyhow? Nothing ever happens on them—except in the movies!"

He Finished It

Crittler (viewing Scribbler's brainchild on screen)—I think it were better had your scenario never appeared on the screen.

Scribbler—Oh, the scenario wasn't so bad when I submitted it, but the director went over it. He gave it the finishing touches.

Room for Improvements

"Does the director often make comments on the work you 'extras' do?"

"Does he! When we don't carry out a part according to his directions he says it couldn't have been played worse."

"And when you portray it as he wishes?"

"Why, then he'll say the part could have been played better."

How to Write a Western Drama

By Helen Rockwell



THE more one goes to the movies, the more one is convinced that it is quite a simple task to write a Western picture. There are a few rules to follow, of course, but for the most part you can just let go of your head and run wild. All one needs is a little assurance, a speaking acquaintance with assorted firearms and a rather harassed digestion. You can write them anywhere, and the more distracted you are and the noisier the surroundings, the better the results. Try writing one on the margin of your newspaper as you hang to the trolley strap after a busy day at the office. It will make your ride profitable as well as fleeting. For the benefit of those who have never written a Western scenario, we are typing a few suggestions.

Remember that one thing only is essential. The story must be based on the way the hero "gets" the villain before the villain "gets" him. An early sub-title must explain this so the audience will know just what to expect. Something like this from the mouth of the villain will do: "I'll get you for this, Rob Denton!"

It is imperative that the bad man stalk through five reels in search of the hero, although it will be unnecessary to explain why he wants to get him. The bad man must be wise to every move of the hero's and must have a henchman on guard, but it is an ingenious stroke on the part of the author to have the hero laugh in this clumsy though vicious fellow's face, unnerving him so that it is a simple task to take his gun away. At present the popular fancy is to have the hero return the gun with severe politeness and then walk with dignity from the scene. Western bad men fall for all this sort of thing. They must be totally unable to cope with bravado, agility and mental alertness, and they must always operate in broad daylight.

Another thing that is important in Western dramas is awkwardness on the part of the hero—that is, awkwardness in amour. A Western picture is seldom successful if the hero does not appear as a tongue-tied oaf. His brains are all in his six-shooter. On the other hand, the heroine is a well-educated and fastidious creature, who cutely overlooks the fact the hero sleeps in his clothes and lets his hair be combed by the wind. If you

can arrange to have the heroine fall from her horse, it is a clever way of introducing her to the hero. Otherwise you will have a hard time getting the fellow to speak to the girl. He is ever so coy.

At least once during the action some nice old saloon frequenter must be killed by the bad man. This gives the extras a chance to remove their hats while grouped around the unfortunate, as the hero, with a sudden grinding of the jaw, slowly breaks through the crowd with a determined glint in his eye and an expressive hand on his hip. Then there is only one fight more necessary to the picture.

When you are stumped as to what to do next, it is always a good bet to put in a scene of cowboys dashing wildly down the Main Street. Show the townspeople scurrying out of their way. There is no reason why the townspeople should all be out on the street at this particular moment, but that is inconsequential. It provides the note of recklessness necessary to the Western picture.

You are not limited to any number of fight scenes as long as you make them lengthy, plentiful and bloody. The more men you have the hero kill, the better the public will like it. Have him graze the bad man now and then with a bullet, but although he is aiming right at the fellow, on no consideration let him kill him until the last five minutes. This is suspense-provoking.

If you can arrange to have the hero swing from a chandelier or jump from the property bar into the bad man's face, you have a sure success. These athletic scenes require expensive actors, however, and if you desire to give your scenario a selling point on the grounds of cheap production, you can fill up the picture with long shots of grazing cattle.

Almost any kind-hearted farmer will let you go out and photograph his cows for practically a ticket or two. Every now and then suggest cattle-rustling, oil lands or poisoned water. They don't have to connect up with anything or be explained.

It will be unnecessary to hire a title writer. Use the word "locoed" plentifully, so that folks will see that you know the West, and have the hero speak of being "plumb glad" to see the heroine. Bring in some-



(Continued on page 30)



Old Timers, don't say it! You're about to guess wrong. She isn't Edna May of "Belle of New York" fame, but Jean Paige, a brand new and dainty leading lady of the movies, a member of the Vitagraph force. Individual success in a part in "Too Many Cooks," supporting Gladys Leslie, gave her a lift to leading ladyhood.

Seized From the Celluloid

By Don Herold

PREFATORY NOTE BY THE AUTHOR: I can not sit in a movie and weave myself socks or sweaters. Not that textiles do not interest me; it is simply that men do not weave in public places. I think it was in the middle of the winter of 1910-11 that I realized that I would have to do something at the movies, or stay away. Staying away was not so easy, with public opinion tugging at me every other evening, or oftener, tugging me movieward — the opinion of one wife, two sons and one daughter — which became public enough if I resisted it. One night, at our neighborhood theatre, I chanced to read a few of the subtitles — between the pictures proper, you know. I don't know why I had never noticed them before. They interested me. I jotted down a couple. That was my start. I believe I now have the largest private collection of moving picture subtitles in the United States if not, as is said, in the world. At first I relied on my own rapid pencil. But I discovered that many of the rare ones were escaping me. So I employed a stenographer to take them down in shorthand as I read them. Someone is always reading them, if your own breath fails you. I started with one stenographer. Now I have stenographic agents in all first-run movie theaters in New York on every first night. I employ three young ladies for filing, alone, in the warehouse I have built to house my subtitles. I am now considering negotiating with all the producers for advance copies of the subtitles of all scenarios. Then the work of my own organization will consist only of sorting and eliminating. However, little elimination will be necessary. It is surprising how many of the subtitles are good. I do not care how many other people collect movie subtitles. Anybody may have the

idea. I am telling it to the world with the hope that it will lesson suffering. I go to the movies, now, with a light step, almost eagerly, with my family on one side and three stenographers on the other. I have only this word of advice to prospective collectors: do not copy every subtitle. Some are better than others. Here are a few examples, taken at random, from my collection of almost a half million:

"Madge's soul grew sick as Cora expounded her cynical knowledge of life."

"With each flight of stairs a load was lifted from Blake's heart."

"Untrained in any craft, the whole workaday world seemed to turn its back upon her."

"Bennet was a forceful man and he had a way with him that women could not resist."

"Her father and mother had never understood the child they had brought into the world."

"Deep into the mire of debt in a pitiful attempt to pull herself up into the sunshine of love."

"Ah, so fortunate you have arrived in Paris in time for my costume ball to-night. Arlette will be there."

"I'm just making some tests of waterproofing for the sunken garden." (Laboratory scene.)

"Then came the night and tense waiting — when moments seemed eternities."

"And then at last — a ray of hope."

"Next to mules and women, I reckon inventions is the most onery."

"Out into the night, you thing of darkness."

"I had a little daughter just like you, but that was a long, long time ago. Stay here and make an old man's heart glad."

"Under penalty of death — days that drag as if fettered — yet all too swift."

Many are the rainy Sunday afternoons I spend in my warehouse among my movie subtitles.



This is not a Newport couple outside their Summer villa on the cliff. It is Mabel Normand and Tom Ince on the steps of the latter's modest little studio in California.

Evelyn Greeley Breaks In a New Leading Man



1. The first thing is to get him to sit up in a chair, no small stunt for 450 pounds of bear meat.

2. Once settled in the chair, the big job now is to maintain a proper balance.



3. Refreshments are next in order; the eighteenth amendment not limiting quadrupeds to 2.75 stuff.

4. Having brought him up to—not on—the bottle, the ensuing step is teaching him to stop.



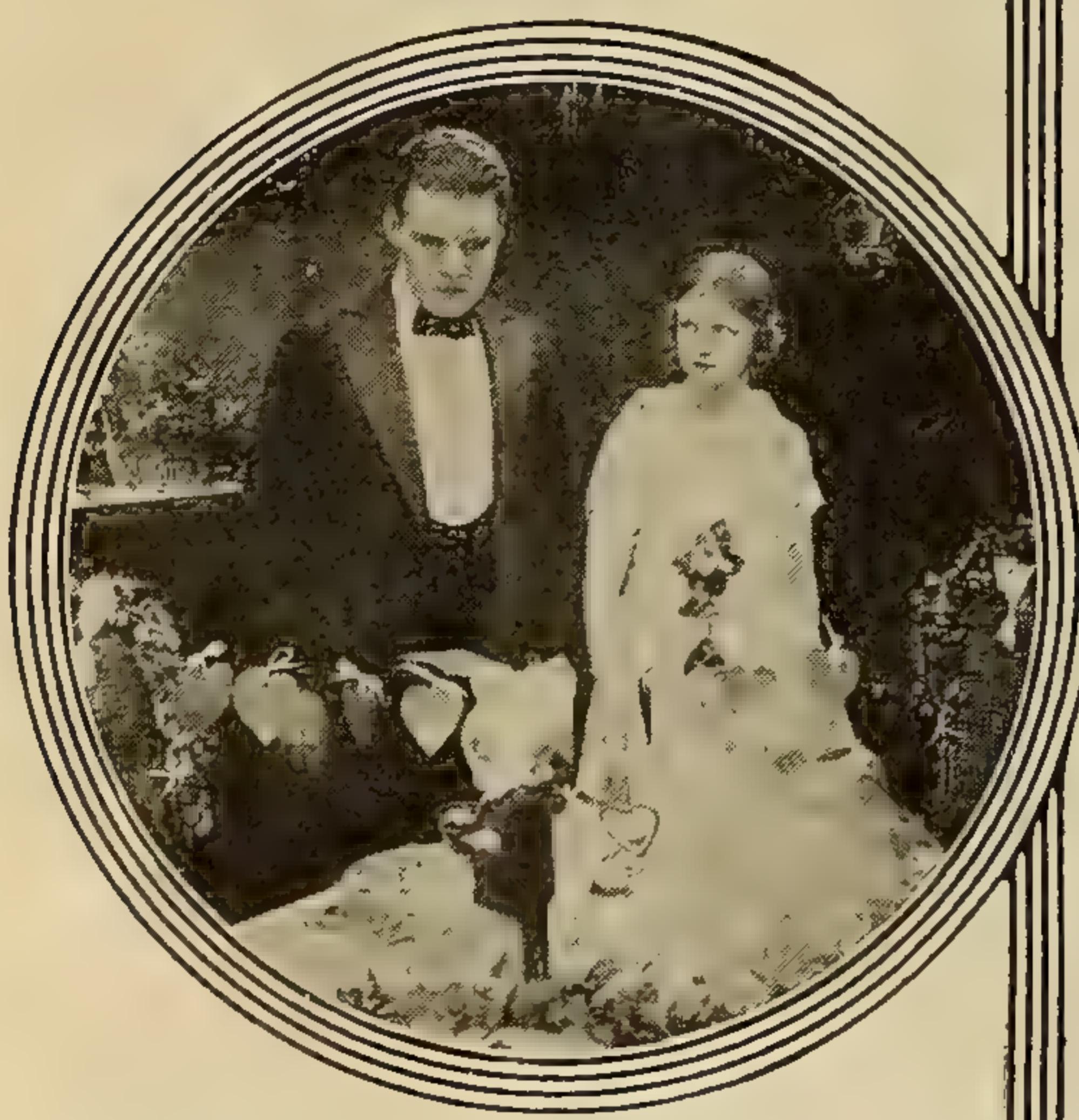
5. Fondling a baby bear—a stuffed one—bores him most to death.

6. And just one—Count it!—lump of sugar for all that work!

"His Official Fiancee's" Sham Love Grows Real



1. From her environment as a business girl, Monica becomes "officially" engaged.



3. Believing their engagement real, Waters' sister and uncle make matters embarrassing.

The Story in Outline

Monica Trant (Vivian Martin) is asked by her employer, William Waters, to pose for a certain period as his fiancee, it being necessary for business reasons that he appear engaged. Monica agrees, but meets an old lover, Sydney Vandelour, and regrets her decision. She visits the home of her official fiancee, where embarrassing incidents occur. From indifference, Monica's feelings for Waters grow into real affection, and she is disturbed at his apparent interest in a French girl who visits them. The end, notwithstanding, is happy, as Waters does not love the French maid; Sydney marries Monica's chum, and when her duties as official fiancee are over, Monica becomes genuinely engaged to her employer.

2. Regret is registered when she is forced to tell an old lover of her "engagement."



4. At the seashore, Monica's mock affection becomes real. The central person is but a figurehead.



5. Waters sees Monica meet Sydney on the train (an English one) and thinks she is still in love with him.

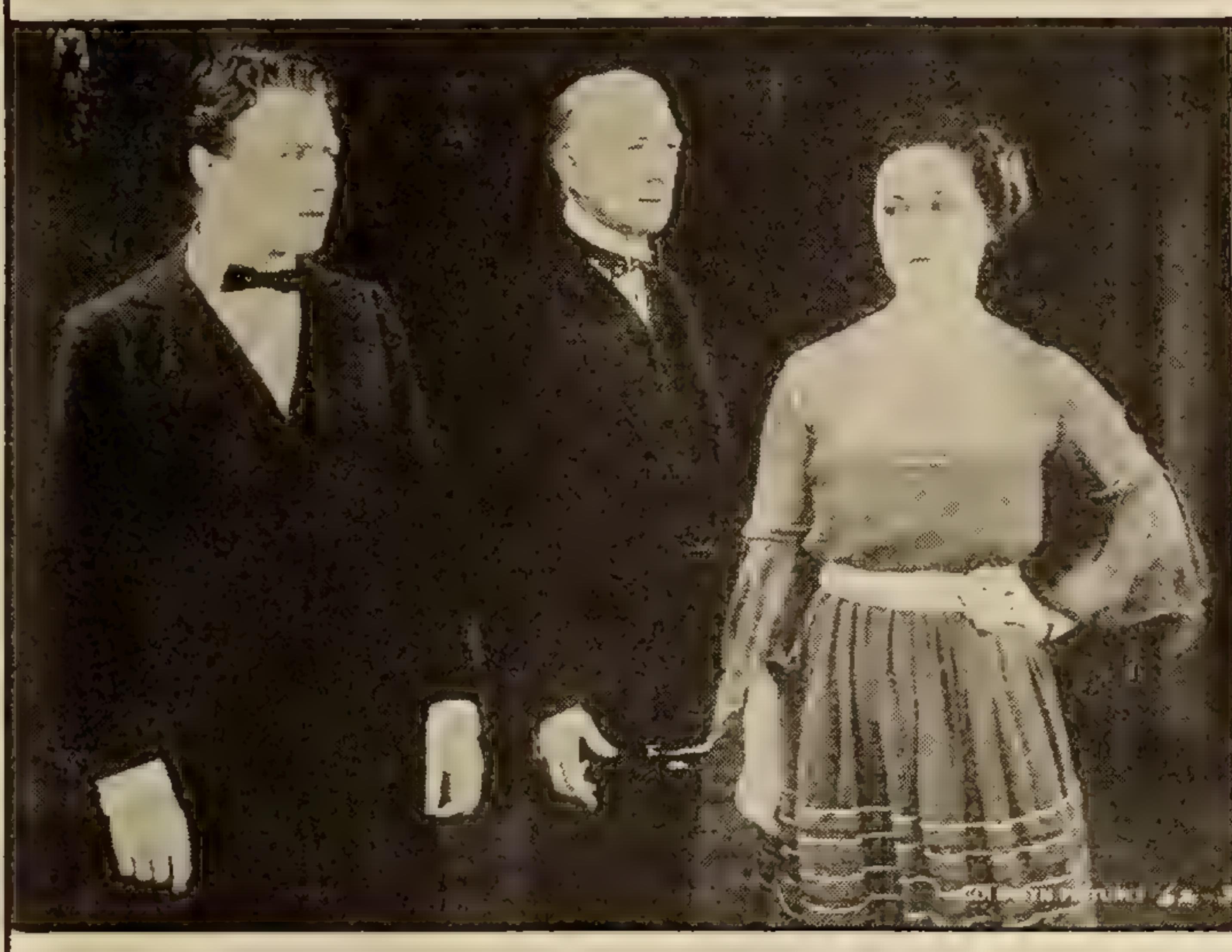


6. Waters tells Monica that her duties as "official fiancee" are all over—but he puts the ring back on her finger.

"Heartsease," an Old Play in a New Setting



1. Eric plays for Margaret the aria which later is to mean so much to them.



2. Lady Neville is ordered to return to Eric the score of his opera, "Heartsease."



3. Eric is assaulted in the home of Sir Geoffrey when he seeks to regain his mss.

Told While You Wait

Eric Temple (Tom Moore) is a composer in love with *Margaret Neville*, whose mother aids him by paying his debts to a money lender. Her act results in an attack upon her in a newspaper, inspired by *Sir Geoffrey Pomfret*, anxious to win *Margaret*. *Eric* is ordered from the house and *Lady Neville* to return the mss. of his opera, "Heartsease." She obeys this command of her husband, but by mistake sends the mss. to *Pomfret's* house. When *Eric* calls there he is assaulted by *Major Twombley*, a pal of *Pomfret's*, and loses his memory. The nobleman has the opera produced as his own. *Margaret* recognizes an aria which *Eric* had played and is convinced of the fraud, while *Eric* regains his memory hearing his music. *Eric* is recognized and *Pomfret* is punished.



4. A victim of unprovoked attack, Eric is a sufferer from complete loss of memory.



5. The clearing of Eric's mind. With Margaret, he hears and recognizes the music of his aria.



6. The base Sir Geoffrey gets what is coming to him. Eric has recovered his memory—and his punch.



Here is one girl, at least, who is not particular about the size glove she wears. Yes, it is May Allison!

A Show-window Movie

WE do not know the lady personally, although we have seen her frequently. She is a colored lady of middle age and neat appearance, who "demonstrates" a couch bed in a show window. We first observed her in the spring of 1916, three years ago, and we stopped to watch her. Since then we have not stopped to watch her, but every time we pass her, we think about her. She fascinates us. The mathematical possibilities—nay, certainties—of her daily calling likewise fascinate us.

Let us say that this lady of the demonstration makes and remakes her employer's show-window couch bed once every fifteen minutes. Four round trips an hour does not seem an unreasonable supposition. Assuming that the colored lady's working day is of eight hours' duration, this would mean that she made and remade the bed 32 times between arrival and quitting. In one week of six working days her score is 192, allowing for a full day on Saturday. Fifty-two times 192 gives a total for the year of 9,984 round trips with the couch bed—9,984 sessions with sheets and springs and pillows and tucking in and pulling out. Now for the grand total! In three years, on the basis of this computation, this placid demonstrator has gone through the process of couch bed making 29,952 times!

Now, work is work, and you may say perhaps that it makes no difference to the woman whether her job is to make and remake a bed, or toss flapjacks, or to press-agent a hair tonic. But it does make a difference—a vital difference. When the whistle blows for a flapjack tosser or a tonic booster, she may seek her bed for rest. But what suggestion of rest does a bed hold out to a woman whose daily job is bed? There is the rub. She quits at the show window and goes home—to what? To bed? At least we know that she gets up in the morning and goes to bed. Getting out of bed, she leaves the bed to air, perhaps, un-

til her return at night, and the first thing she does after making and remaking a bed all day is to make up her own bed for the night. Very likely she has thought many times of quitting her job, because it interfered with her rest. And then, likely, the alternative has occurred to her—the advisability of quitting her rest on the plausible ground that it interfered with her job.

The requirement for most of us is that we go to bed. She must go to bed both night and morning; and what perhaps is worse must reconcile herself to the thought that, for her, there is no such thing as the satisfaction of seeing a finished product. Her labor is to pull down as well as to build up. She makes a bed but to unmake it; unmakes it but to remake it. Having made her bed, she may not even lie on it. Her employer does not believe in carrying demonstration that far. And as a result, when she goes home, she snatches little dozes, standing up, like a horse or a policeman.

Often, as we pass her window, we wonder at her placid expression. Maybe it is resignation. Most likely it is. We hope so. The inventor of the couch bed has much to answer for.

Feline

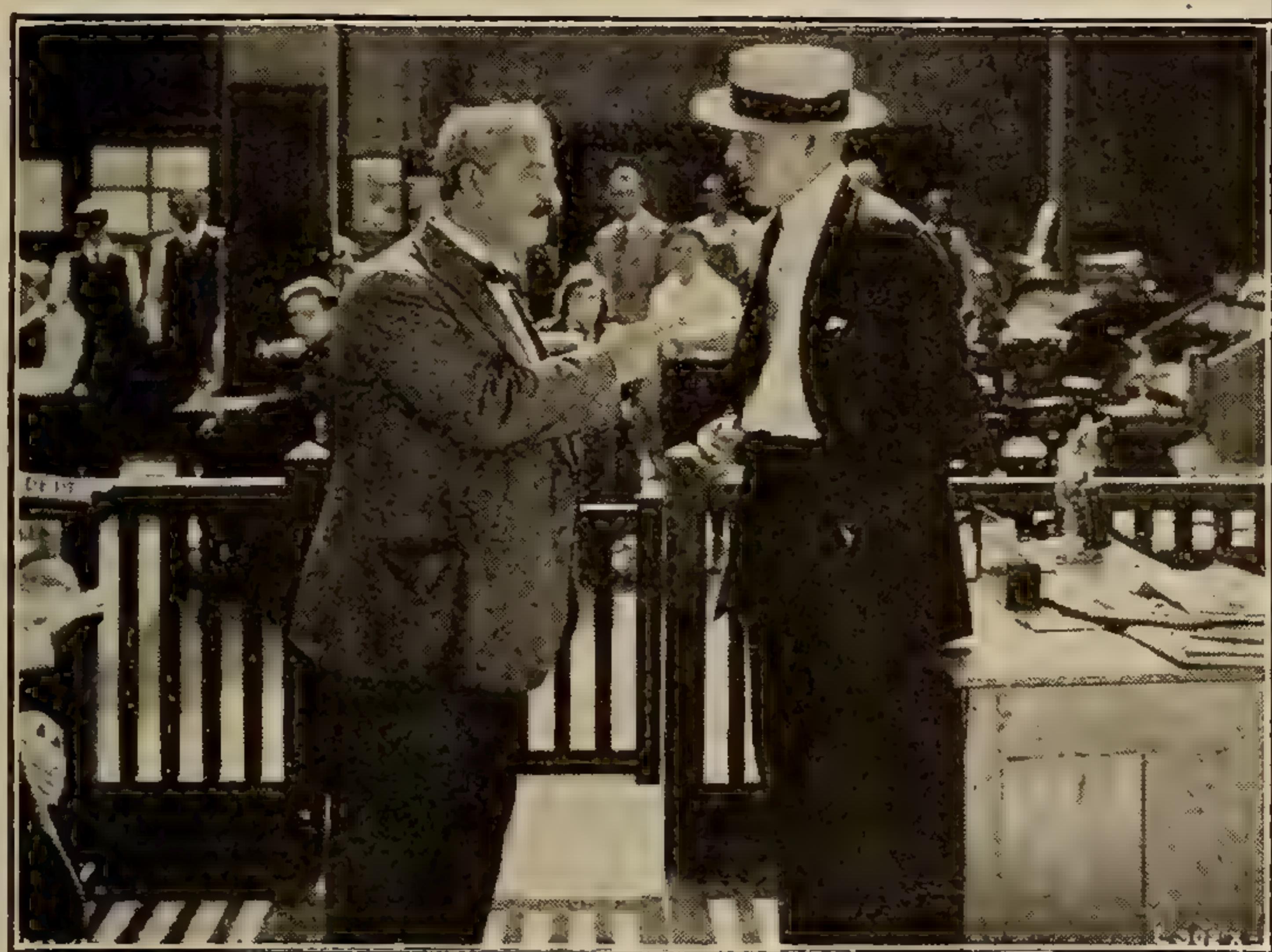
"I've seen just twenty summers," simpered the very mature ingenue to the casting director.

"Ah," murmured the peroxide blonde behind her sweetly; "and how long were you blind, dear?"



Viola Dana waiting for the camera man to get through so she can plunge in the tank. The girl already in is not a Sennett girl; she's a marble statue.

"The Lottery Man" with Wallace as the Prize



1. Jack is fired by the city editor after one of his notorious gambling escapades.



2. The idea of the marriage lottery is explained to the boss; show a feature a day.



3. Helen, THE girl. For reasons self evident, Jack does his best to stop the lottery. Too late!

A Glimpse of the Story

Jack Wright (Wallace Reid), a gambler by nature, gets in hot water through the loss of \$500 borrowed from Foxhall Payton, a college friend who owns the newspaper for which Jack writes. To cover the loss, he evolves the idea of a marriage lottery, with himself as the prize, chances \$1 each. The idea, tried out by the paper, goes big. Jack meets Helen, Peyton's pretty cousin, and falls in love with her, but may not marry her, as he is pledged in advance to the winner of the lottery. He is saved by luck, the winning coupon being claimed by two girls, by one who bought it and by another who found it where it was hidden. Neither will give Jack up, so half of the lottery money is divided between them, the other half, \$150,000, going to Jack to start his married life—with Helen.



4. Daily occurrence in Jack's life about town. Having bought a coupon, this lady's chances are as good as anybody's.



5. A moving picture of real money, the business office of Jack's newspaper checking up one day's lottery loot.



6. Lastly—for details see synopsis—the inevitable happy ending. Jack and Helen decide upon a marriage lottery of their own.



Whim-Whams and Wheezes

By Harry J. Smalley



PRODUCERS are continually being exasperated by the fragility of their camera men. According to "Hollywood Hokum," Mitchell Lewis, while shooting a picture up in the mountains, wired to headquarters: "Rush another camera. Jones fell 500 feet with ours. Camera ruined. Also send another camera man."



HE EATS 'EM ALIVE!

"Bring on your villains, I'll larn 'em
To bother the heroine, darn 'em!
I have beat up a lot
In my plots, have I not?
And I'm ready for more!" says Bill Farnum.



"SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE" makes a strong bid for the patronage of bookkeeping fans: "1800 men and 400 horses figured in the battle scenes."

THEDA BARA always tries her allest to give her admirers a good show. That is why, perhaps, in "A Woman There Was," she offered us an eyeful of Fifth Avenue lingerie underneath her shredded-wheat skirt of the South-Sea Islander.

THE film critic of the New York *Sun* believes: "Jules Verne himself could not outdo the undersea fight in Paramount's 'The White Heather.'" Mebbe so; but one must give credit to Jules for starting all these undersea fights, even if he did not live to finish them.

BILLIE RHODES owns a thousand-acre sugar beet farm in Ventura Co., Calif. Goodness, gracious, Billie, when do you EVER get time to hoe it?

DOROTHY DALTON, in "The Homebreaker," plays a traveling woman who is "speedy but not fast." Which distinction-with-a-difference thing reminds us that



Here's an answer to the celebrated sigh of Robert Burns, "O, wad some power the giftie gie us to see ousrels as ither see us!" The power has been found in the movies. Witness this picture of June Elvidge, World Star, and Earl Metcalfe, watching a reel of film in which they have just posed. Boy, page Robert Burns!



MRS. SIDNEY DREW IN HER NEW COMEDY, "BUNKERED."

we have an absent relative who is very close, and who refers to us as being a low person who flies high.

THE picture game as well as baseball occasionally has its triple-play. In making his pictures

Tom Mix's strenuous stunts were often vetoed by his directors on the ground that they were too dangerous to be undertaken. And did Tom bow to their mandates? Nix for Mix! He gobbled the entire responsibility by becoming author, director and star!

REALISM is rapidly becoming rampant in the films. In making "Blackie's Redemption," Bert Lytell actually starved himself to within a foot of the Pearly Gates—just because the script called for it! Yessir, the day will come when screen villains will be really killed and Bill Hart's love-making will be as gooey as the genuine article! The latter will indeed be realism rampant.

CECIL DE MILLE owns four autos, an airplane and a steam yacht. Also, he isn't exactly purchasing his groceries at one of Mr. Woolworth's stores. Now, if it was one of those pesky profiteering plutes of whom we were writing—our typewriter would have been

soused in vitroil, but—Cecil has clearly earned all these luxurious joys because he has given us pictures that were also 1 j. So, nobody's mad at him.

A PARTY of Hollywood scenario writers recently partook of a tuna dinner. Yes, we admit that fish is considered a brain food, but—why waste it on scenario writers?



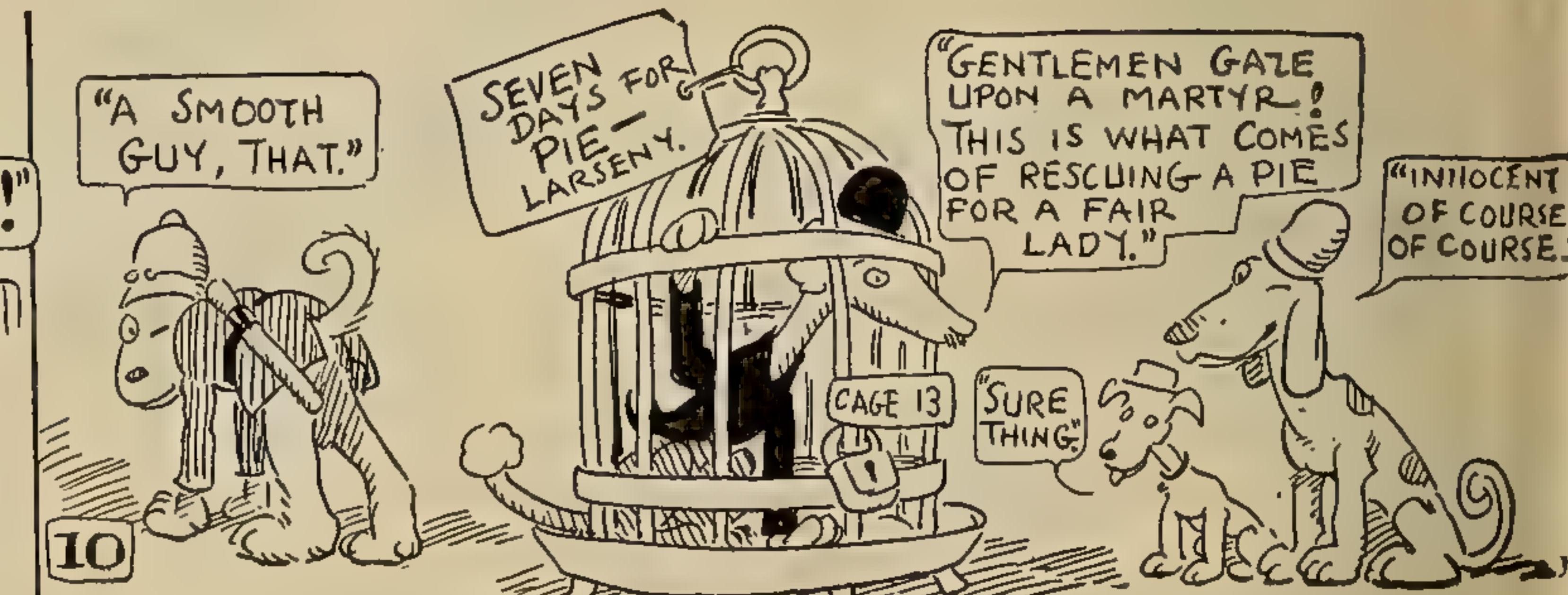
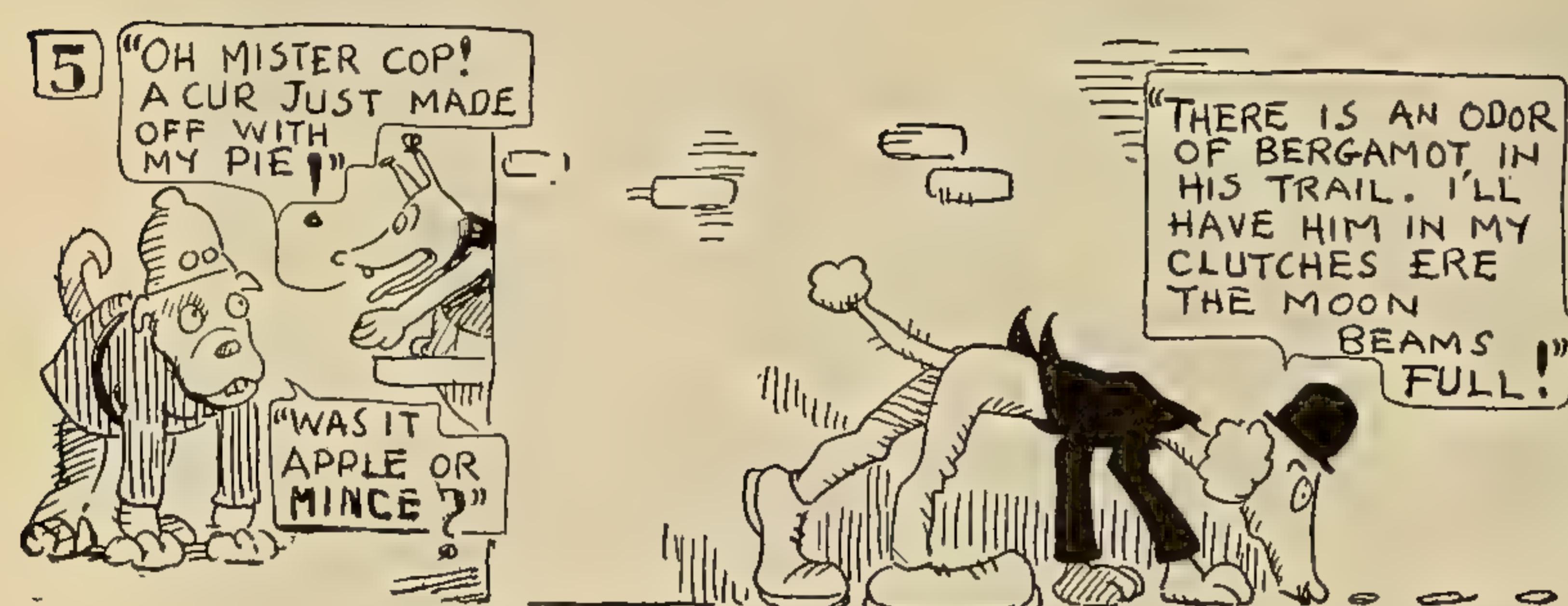
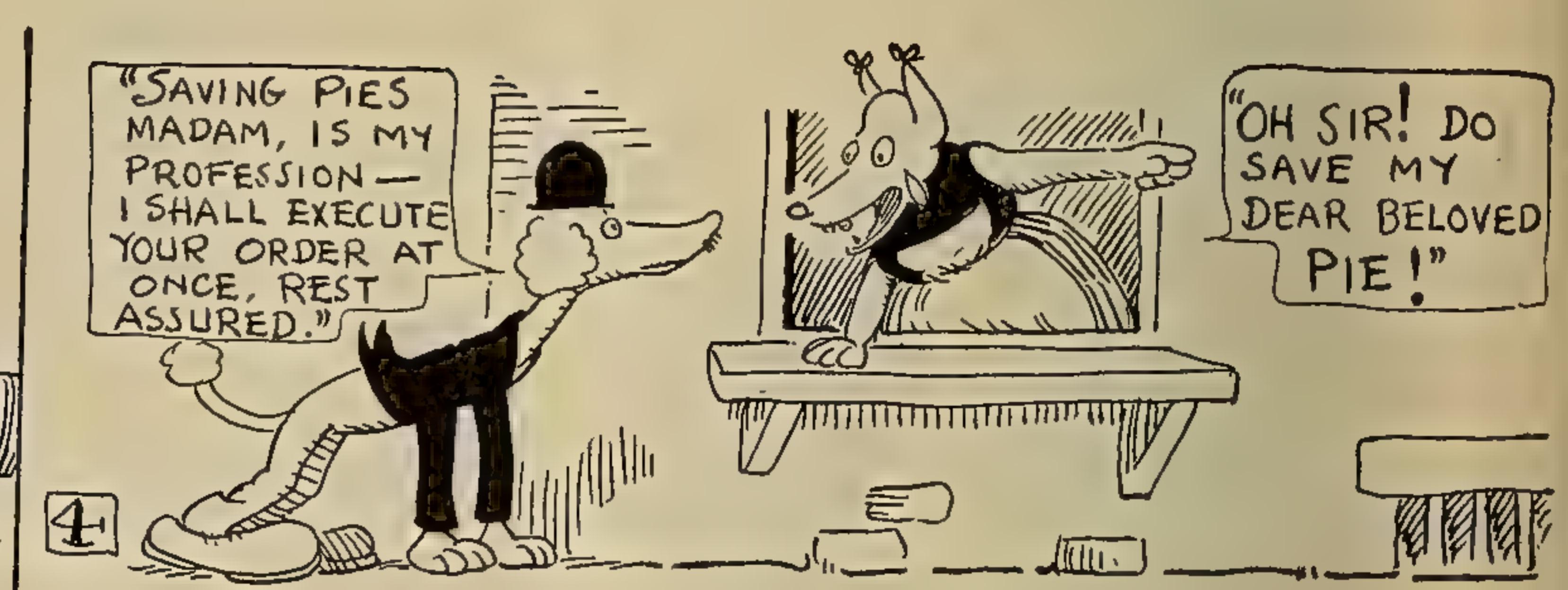
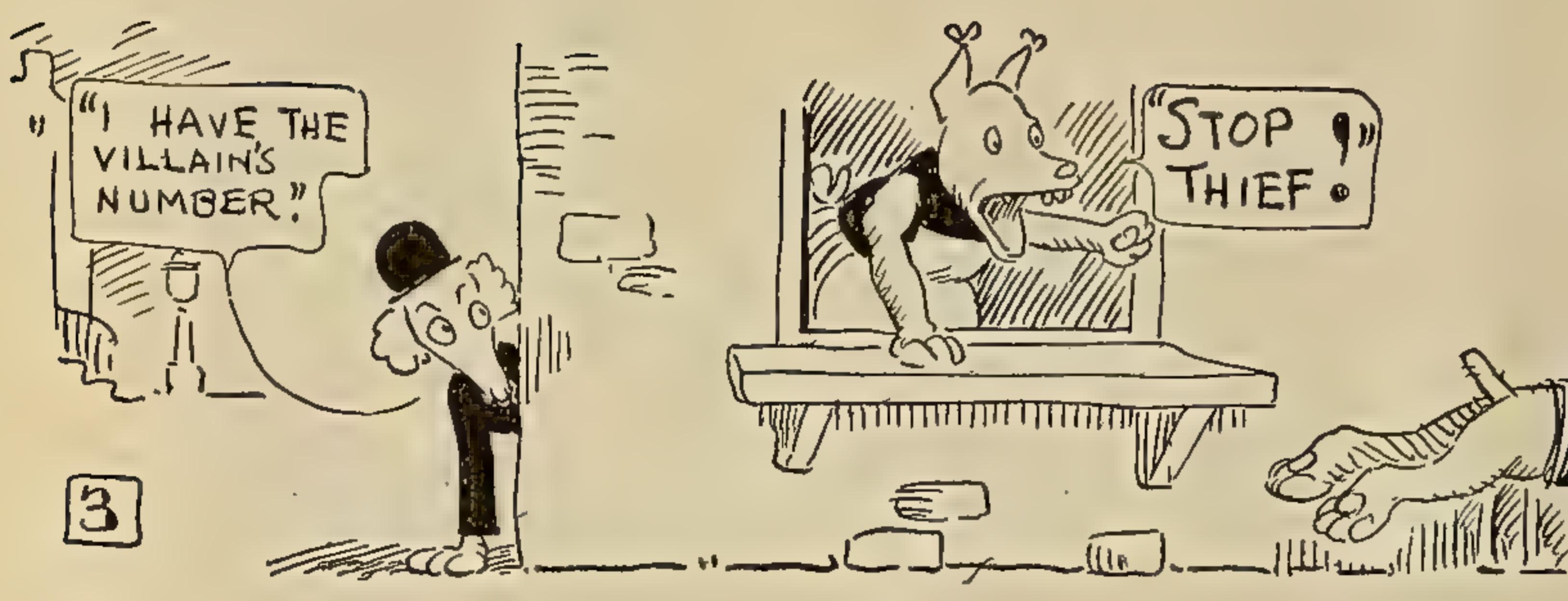
SLOW DOWN!

When pinched for speeding, Evelyn Greeley works a "close-up" on the village constable.

MILLIONS of us believed Priscilla Dean's wonderful popularity was due mostly to her own charming efforts. To show you how badly mistaken we were, list to the modest words of her employers: "She was lifted to stardom by the com-

(Continued on page 39)

THE VANISHED
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Mabel Normand



Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle



Olive Thomas

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And now a plan—the first to be indorsed by the leading stars and producers—has been designed to teach you how to prepare your ideas for the screen. The plan was created by Frederick Palmer, formerly of Universal—the man who wrote 52 scenarios in 9 months—more than one a week—all accepted. Mr. Palmer furnishes you with a handbook and cross references to scenarios that have been PRODUCED. Both drama and comedy are represented. Since we started a little over a year ago, many of our students have sold their plays, some for as high as \$1000. A number of others have already taken positions at the Studios.

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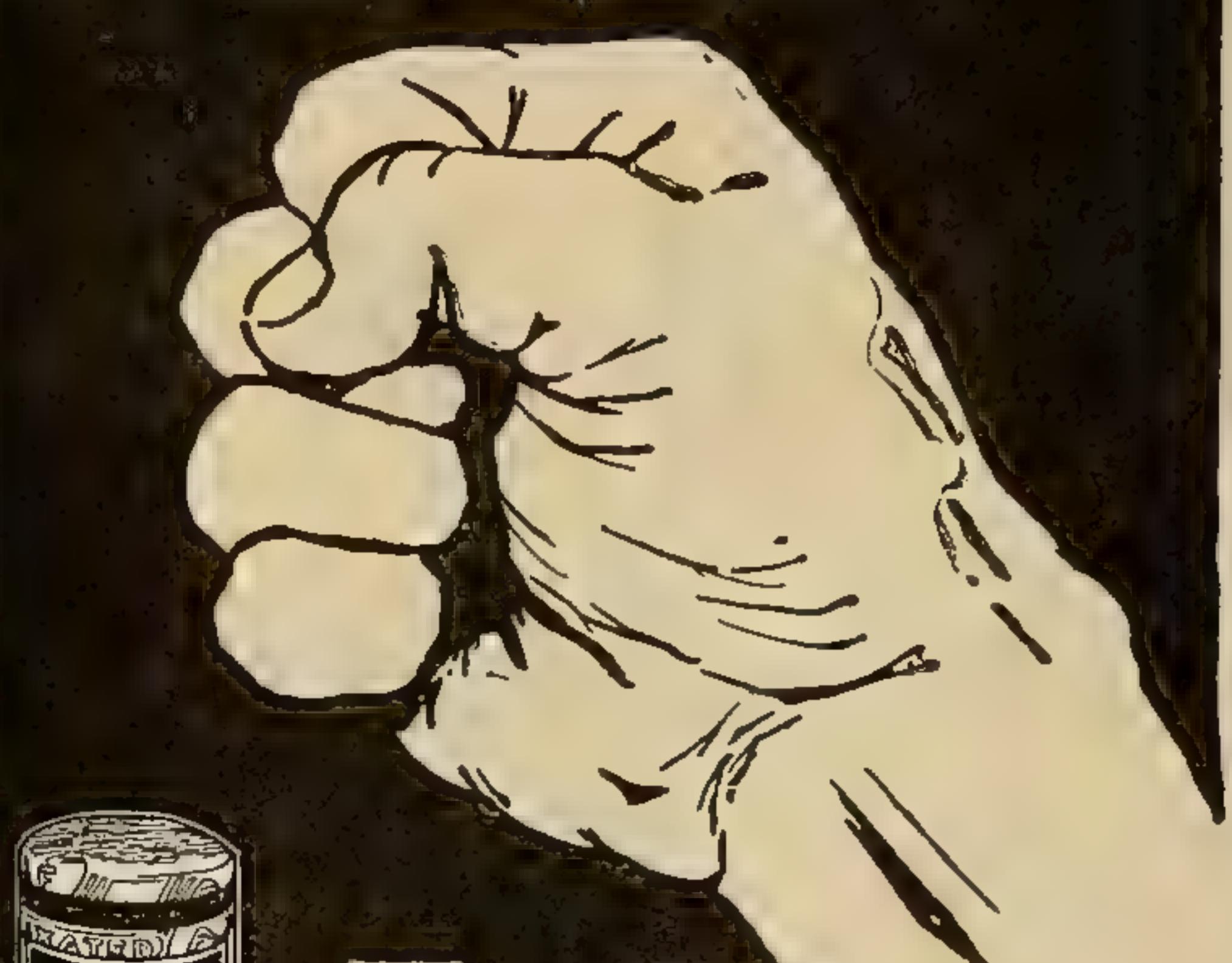
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Merely Praying

FROM films shot full of homicide, The underworld's more seamy side, The gutter-orphan's boundless pride— Deliver us!

From low-brow "gents" in full-dress suits, Press agents' grammar-crazing toots, And films that star the jungle brutes— Oh, shield us!

From long—hold!—every kissing scene, From baby stars too young to wean, And each and all and every "queen"— Close Thou our eyes!

From comics based on custard pie, All versions of the angle "Tri," Front seats, Bushwaa, the ill-timed sigh— Turn out the light!

From glasses rimmed with tortoise shell, Poor damsels who have souls to sell; From hats that block the view as well— Oh, censor Thou!

From bores, next seat, with lots to say; From notes that give the plot away; From notes the orchestra doth slay— Show us the door!

From year-one stuff in modern dress; From nudes in none—or even less; The poor-but-good-boy's sure success— Vouchsafe deliverance!

—Arthur Bowie Chrisman.

Screen Scrapple

(Continued from page 11)

more inspiring than a moving picture actor "carrying on"—laying himself open to criticism and bravely facing popularity that the photoplay may be made safe for exhibitors. Pathé has hit upon a unique idea and one that should not be condemned or underestimated by other concerns.

IT is William Fox who always has the betterment of the photoplay at heart. Now he has accepted a scenario written by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, called "Evangeline," said to be a thing of striking beauty. It is not known for certain, but through association of ideas Broadway is expecting Theda Bara to appear in the name part.

IN his new serial, "The Midnight Man," Gentleman Jim Corbett is called "the man with a hundred faces," because he wears a different mask each time he appears. There is no one we can name offhand to whom a mask is more becoming. It would be pleasant if he would adopt the idea of wearing one in all of his forthcoming releases.

How to Write a Western Drama

(Continued from page 24)

thing like this at the finish: "And then comes the golden glow of the Western sunshine." Use a sunset shot of the hero and heroine riding into the great wastes, and your picture is complete. You will have no difficulty in selling it if you sign any well-known author's name.

Big Prices for Movie Names

THE method of buying stories and well-known plays and novels for the screen has become so demoralized that the screen possibilities of material submitted are in some instances not even considered in the purchase of a play or novel for the screen. Producers are perfectly willing to pay from \$10,000 to \$40,000 for a well-known book or play, even if what is between the covers is dumped in the discard and an original story by a mechanical continuity writer is manufactured out of whole cloth. "The name of the star, the book and the author will carry the picture to success," says the manufacturer. Yes, "names" are carrying pictures, but not to artistic heights, but to a deep, dark and lonesome grave. A louder trumpet than the angel "Gabriel's" will have to sound to herald a resurrection.

"That's Different"

Caller—Why don't you buy the rights to some of those farces running on Broadway?

Scenario Editor—If we filmed them, the censors would put us out of business.

Film Fun

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MIGHTY LIKE A PICNIC

The Paramount Briggs Comedy Company taking a rest while on location. In the front row, left to right, are Rosemary Carr, Director Kellette and John Carr, who plays Skinny.

Celluloid Celebrities

(Continued from page 9)

to the p.o. and get it.

"Yours, John Mason."

Needless to say, John got the "pitcher."

CHESTER CONKLIN, who used to be one of the prize Sennett comedians, and who is now featured in Sunshine Comedies, is a very different person off the screen—that is to say, he has no stove-brush mustache, and he might easily be taken for a gentleman druggist or an assistant camera man. His hobby is tennis, and he is a good player; we know, because he told us.

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE, not content with being funny for publication, continues his antics even when he isn't working—for the sake of his figure, he explains. Almost any day at the noon hour, a visitor to the studio will be regaled with the sight of "Fatty," decked out in feminine apparel—or, perhaps it will be an exaggerated Oriental costume—entertaining the company while they munch their sandwiches and drink their coffee. It may be a cabaret that he will stage, extempore, and again, he may put on a two-round boxing match with a bantam-weight assistant director. Whatever

it is, it is always funny, and anyone working with Roscoe will tell you that it's a three-ringed circus all the time. Fatty's latest noon-day entertainment consisted of a loud and festive bathing suit and doing an annettekellerman into the studio pool. He would have repeated the stunt for the gratification of the onlookers, but, says Roscoe, "after that first splash, there wasn't water enough left for a baby humming bird to take a foot-bath."

WILLIAM DESMOND and Mary McIvor are the latest to screen newly-weds, and they are very devoted to each other. But, says Mary, "even devotion has its limits." She and Bill took a week-end trip to Catalina Island the other day, and the sea was quite choppy. She, being a good sailor, was enjoying the trip immensely, but Friend Husband, sitting in a deck chair with his cap pulled down over his eyes, didn't seem quite so happy.

"Darling," said Mary sweetly.

Bill shook his head and indicated that conversation was not in his line just then.

"Darling!" Mary spoke up again. A haggard look from William and a gesture of inability to respond.

"Darling!" insisted his little wife.

"Here's a nice banana for you."—

(Continued on page 38)



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Marguerite Clark in "Luck in Pawn" a Paramount Artcraft Picture

What Friend Husband replied was:
"Run away, Sweet-heart"—

But he said it between "clenched teeth," and "if looks would kill," says Mary, "she'd now be wearing a lilla on her chest."

GALE HENRY, the peer of eccentric comedienne, has been working on a picture in which a bear figures prominently. Some of the scenes were taken at the Los Angeles river bottom, and the bear, released from ball and chain, became slightly restive and hard to control.

Now Bruno Becker is Gale's husband and director, and so, when she heard a voice, hoarse with rage, come from behind a neighboring rock—

"Listen here, you Bruno, I'll take no monkey-business from you. I'll knock your block off in two seconds"—She did a marathon over to where the voice was coming from.

"Here, you," she ordered as she went, "don't you start anything with my husband"—

"Husband—hell!" Came a disgusted voice from behind the rock, "I'm talking to the bear!"

Comments and Criticisms of a Free Lance

(Continued from page 16)

doing any little bit that we were told to do! What I call slavish devotion to "art" was the hot July and August nights we devoted to locating our pictures in dinky little theaters and seeing how they "went." Why, from such a sincere beginning, has the motion picture industry become more commercial than the United States Steel Corporation? The answer is that the feeling grew it had to be dignified by money. "Money" would cause comment, "money" would bring attention. The world of art, represented by the actors, actresses and stage directors and managers of the theaters of New York, was very snippy toward us. So it was said to these exponents of dramatic art, by the movie chief, "Ah, ha, we will hit you in your Achilles heel! Here's a little bait on which you might like to nibble." They nibbled and swallowed bait and all. The bait, needless to say, was "mazuma." When actors who were getting a few hundred a week were offered that many thousand to ap-

pear in the movies, the answer came, "Why, yes, they would consider it!" If they "made good," a long-term contract at a climbing scale of salary was entered into, and then the actor and actress began immediately to write or have the press agent write long articles for the papers and magazines upon "The Wonderful Art of the Movies!" and "How Much More I Love the Movies Than I Ever Did the Stage!" No, it would never do to expect stage stars to work in the movies for the salary they received on the stage. Did H. B. Warner, now involved in the customary litigation, leave the cast of "Sleeping Partners" during the height of a tremendous metropolitan success to work in the movies because he loved the stage less or because he loved his suppositional salary of \$2,500 per week more?

A Little Pome of Big People

(Illustrated)

To illustrate this little verse,
The printer helps me out,
And this is how we show to you
Miss Mary Pickford's pout:

Here is a sketch he made for me,
This printer, full of whims;
You'll see at once it plainly shows
Tom Mix's nether lim's:

()

And here is one that is immense,
Although that joke is thin;
It represents, as you can see,
Arbuckle's double chin:

()

Now, look at this! It's pulsing with
The genius she endows—
So lifelike that it startled me—
It's O. Petrova's brows:

()

In this, I think, the printer shows
How wondrous is his art;
You'll recognize it readily—
The smile of William Hart:

()

At drawing features harsh and tense,
This printer is the lad;
For instance, gaze on Keenan's mug,
When Frank is feeling bad:

()

—Harry J. Smalley.

Whim-Whams and Wheezes

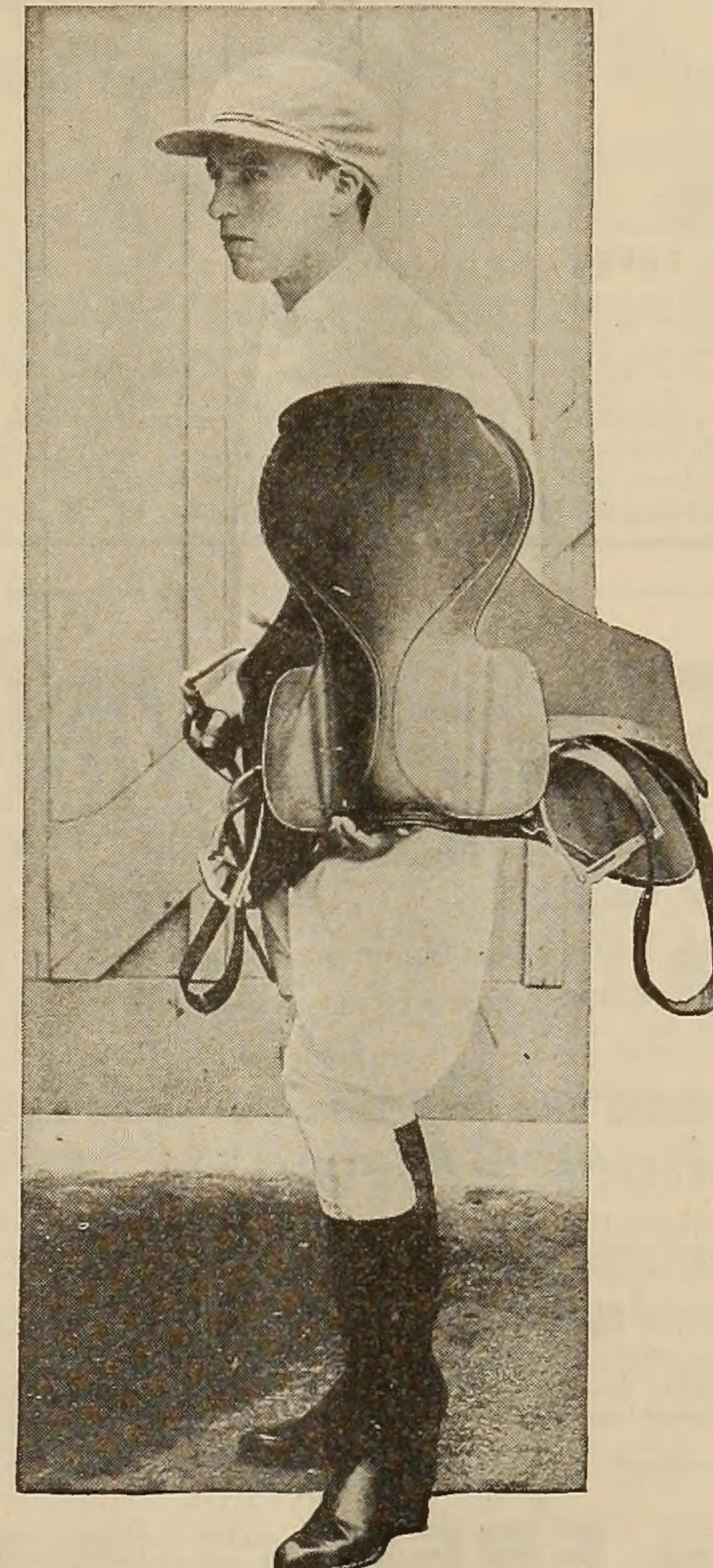
(Continued from page 33)

blended efforts of the Universal brains, Universal enterprise and Universal money."

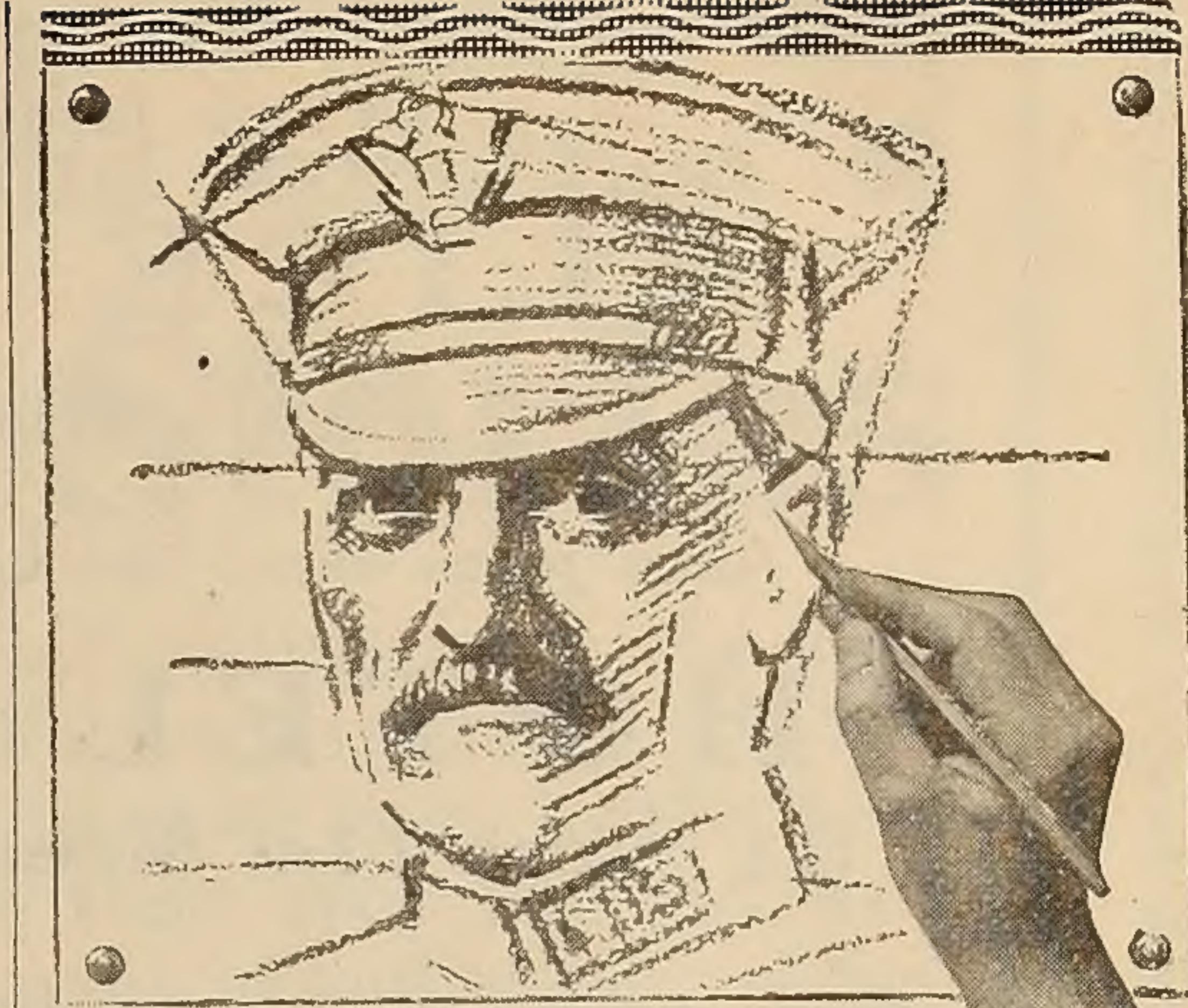
In a magazine article Dorothy Gish is made to say: "I believe a vocabulary made up of popular idioms is bound to give very little scope to the individual's potential intellectual activity. Slang is the lazy man's substitute for phrase-making." Our belief in Dorothy's unstilted humaneness leads us to believe that she does not really believe all the magazines would have us believe she believes she believes. And while our believer is working, allow us to remark that George Ade is a fairly busy chap.

THE Governor of Michigan doesn't like movies and demands a rigid censorship. His name is Sleeper. Roll your own wheeze!

THE study of mankind is less complex to-day than it was twenty years ago. Now, there are but two kinds of people in the world. The merry multitude that attends the movies and the foolish few that don't.



"One of my youthful ambitions," says Charlie Chaplin — "was to be a famous jockey. I rode one horse three minutes before it discovered that I was on its back. He put his forefeet foremost and I became an actor."



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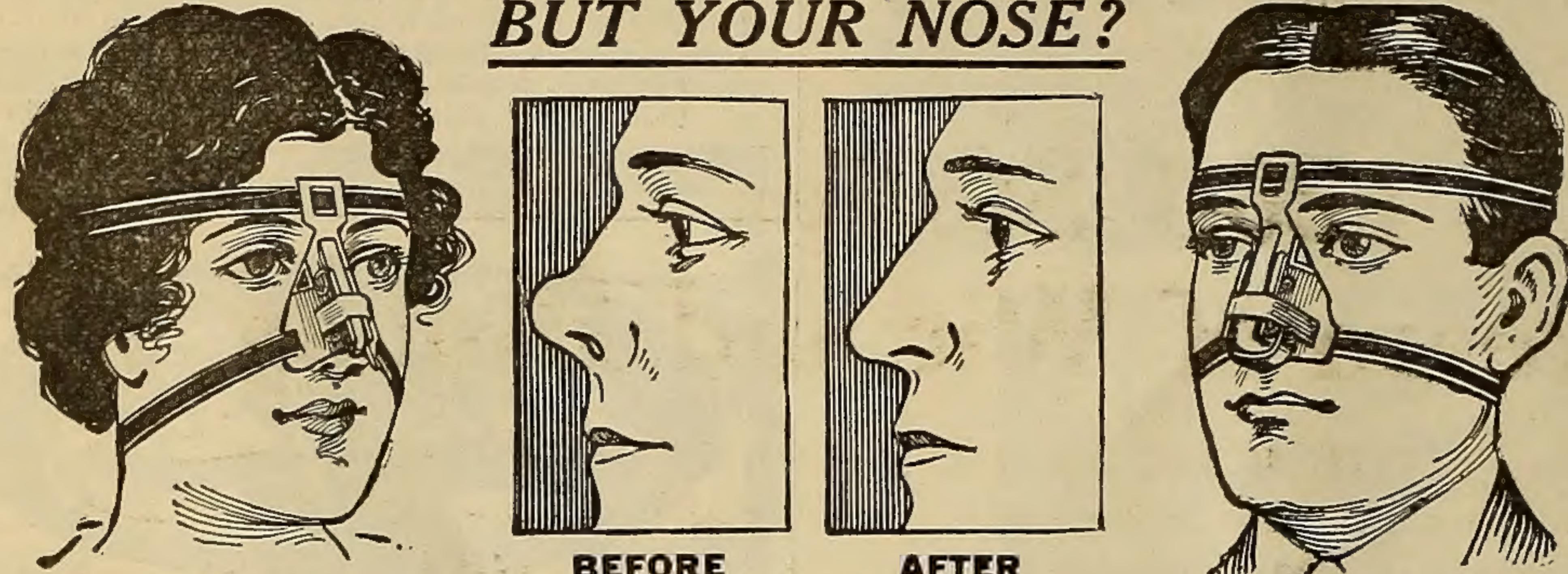
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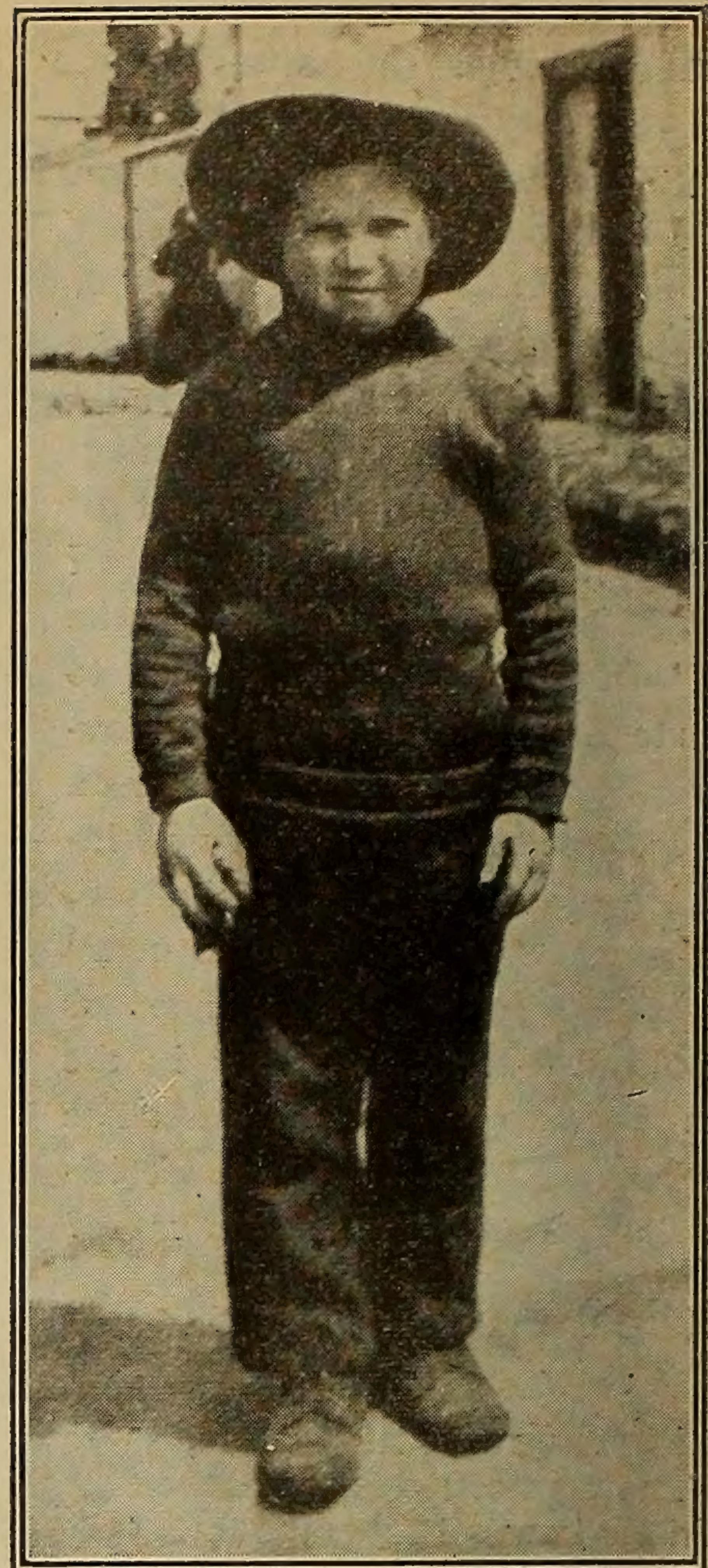
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A STAR'S SIDELINE

Petka Stanaysvitch, a Serbian refugee, adopted by Geraldine Farrar. He will be brought to America and added—perhaps to Miss Farrar's publicity department.

To Mary

By Oscar Northway-Meyer

THREE is a shrine I worship at
Whene'er the signs are right,
Announcing "Mary Pickford's here
Upon the screen to-day."

I hustle through my frugal meal,
Imperiling my life,
To get a seat well up in front,
Alone with my dear thoughts.
And when the winsome Mary comes,
And my attention grips,
I always wish I had the chance
To press her dainty hands.
Each time she smiles—right out at me—
I fall for all her charms;
I have a secret I would tell,
If she were in my confidence.
For if she'd move her feet and knees
Less like a doll's stiff pegs,
I'm quite inclined to think that I
Might rave about her walk.
So now you know—sweet Mary mine—
What thought of you I've carried.
If I have erred in what I've done,
Please pardon—for I'm interested.

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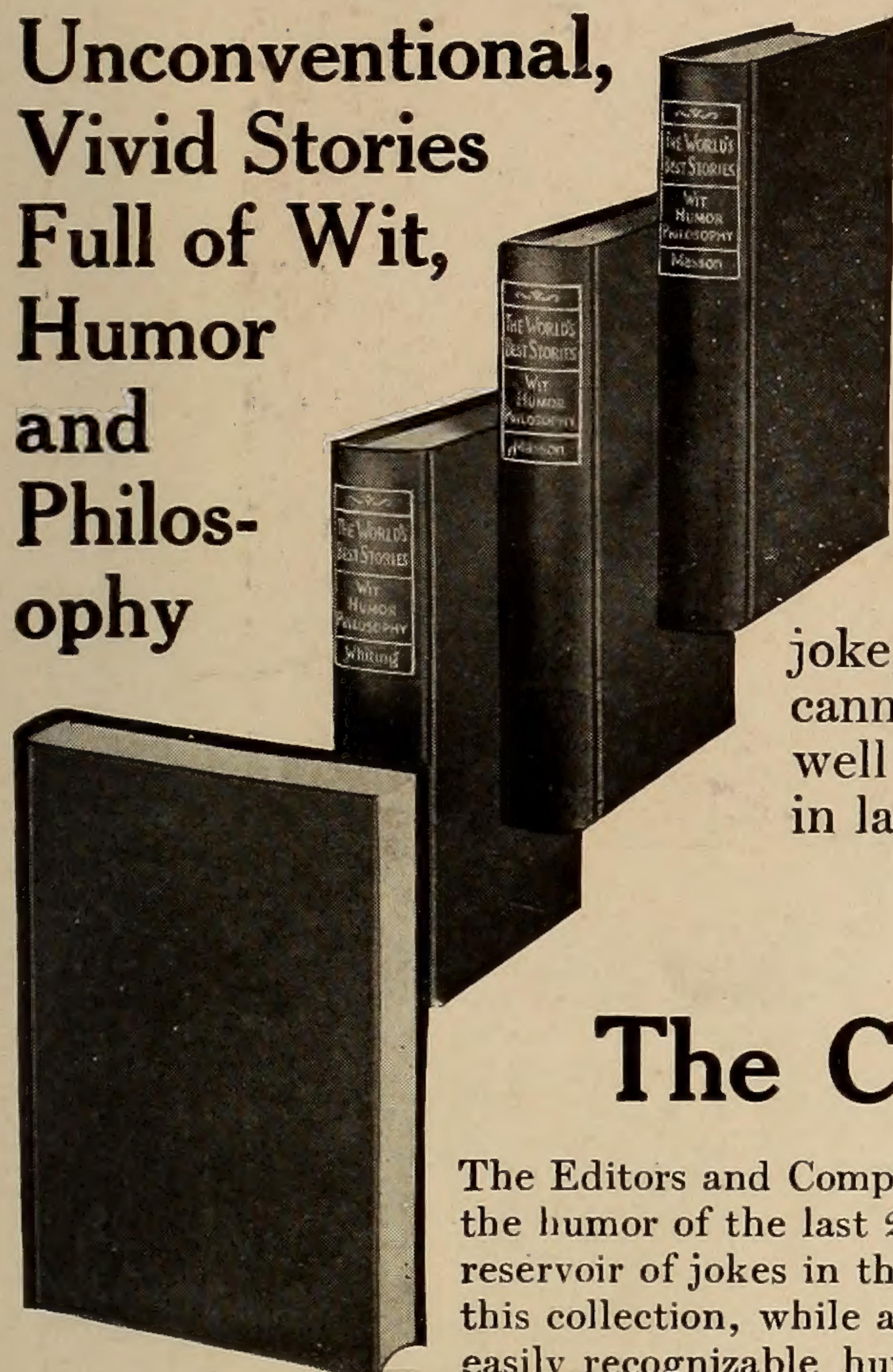
"Who portrayed that insane character in the last scene? He played it nobly."

"Oh, him? The director couldn't get anyone to portray the part properly, so he undertook to play it himself."

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